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SONGBIRD from the STEPPES

ENTHRONED in state in his conference-room on the M-K-G lot outside Hollywood, Producer Joel Hopper was listening to an arrangement of "Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2."

The conference-room was the size of a sound stage, and decorated to the hilt. The furnishings included zebra skin rugs, ash-trays as big as tombstones, and a streamlined toffee-colored piano.

At the piano this sunny morning a little fat man with huge spectacles and moon face was playing the "Hungarian Rhapsody."

His name was Lefko Troubalov, and he was supervising the score of Joel's forthcoming million-dollar production, "The Life of Franz Liszt."

The other occupants of the room, though no doubt aware that a piano was being played in their immediate vicinity, gave no impression of hearing it. Ace Hopkins, Joel's pet director, and George Holtzman, Joel's nephew and sometimes assistant, were pitching quarters; Miss Schuller, Joel's secretary, was knitting a sweater. Joel himself was hunched in his special chair reading a paper.

When silence fell, after what looked like a photo-finish between Lefko and apoplexy, Joel put down his paper.

"Beautiful," he said. "It's out." Lefko broke into a storm of protest. Ten years in America had made no inroads on his accent, and his English, though fluent to the point of being torrential, smacked of double-talk.

He had, he said, been working on a special arrangement of the "Rhapsody," with the idea that Ronnie Caryl, who was playing Liszt, would perform the first part as a piano solo, and then the female lead would suddenly materialise at the bend of the piano and chip in with a roof-raising obbligato.

Joel agreed that this was a cute angle; all he objected to was the music.

"Fast and high like you got it, Lefko," he complained, "and full of jumps and ah-ah-ah businesses, you got to have an acrobatic voice like

Mignonette Johnson's. Anybody else couldn't even whistle it."

"So Johnson sings it," said Lefko. "No, she don't," said Joel. "I just got word from the front office. She figured Ronnie Caryl's gonna steal the show, and so she's signed to make a picture with Duke Ralston."

"Anyway," Ace put it, "the type of heroine I got in mind is nothing like Mignonette. I conceive her as a hot little Hungarian cutie Liszt played around with when he was a kid back in Podunka, or wherever the place was."

He threw away his cigarette and began to pace up and down the room. "Maybe we open on a scene she's milking a cow; he sneaks up and grabs a kiss, she smacks him in the face—anyway, something to establish an idyllic rural set-up, see?"

"Then along comes this other skirt—Sabrine. She's a society girl, a princess. She's just passing through Podunka, and she gets a load of Liszt, and she says to herself, 'Yum-yum, I could use some of that.'"

Ace lit another cigarette. "When she finds out he's hipped on music, she says, 'Sonny, you come with me to Vienna and I'll fix it up so you get free piano lessons from Beethoven or anybody you say.'"

"Better take this down, Miss Schuller," said Joel.

"I am, Mr. Hopper," said Miss Schuller, in a hurt voice.

"Well, this sounds good to Liszt, and he's tossing his shirt in a grip, when all of a sudden he thinks of the babe—Bessie, or whatever her name is. He wants to talk things over with her, but the princess says, 'Listen, brother. You think I got all day to hang around this dumb burg? Drop Bessie a card.' So Liszt strings along with her to Vienna, but when the princess finds he's strictly interested in nothing but music, why, she gives him the old one-two pitcher, and quick."

"So there he is, broke in the big town; he's got to eat, he lands a job poundin' the squeak-box in a beer garden. Well, one night some carriage-trade drops in—just for laughs, see? They catch Liszt's

act, and right away they got a hunch he's big-time. Happens one of the gang's a pal of the emperor, knows he's a hep-cat. He brings him around next night, and the emperor fixes it so Liszt gets booked into the palace for a concert. If the concert's a hit, from then on—Dixiel!"

Joel nodded. "It's got a nice feeling," he said.

"The princess shows up at the concert," continued Ace, "and the minute it looks like Liszt is in, naturally she's all for him. And then who should come busting in but Bessie. She's thumbed her way from Podunka to be there for the big night. Before Liszt can open his trap, Bessie jumps at the wrong impression. She screams out and heads for the nearest bar, and she's plunked down sobbin' when this guy picks her up."

"Take it easy," said Joel firmly.

"I am," said Ace. "He's a senile

By VIRGINIA FAULKNER

old party, Joel, pushing a hundred, so he takes a notion to sort of semi-adopt Bessie. Anyway, it turns out she has a voice, so he has her trained for opera; he's a rich eccentric. So then we follow up what happened to Liszt like the way it says in the encyclopedia, and finally when they're both big, hot celebrities we bring 'em together." He crouched forward.

"Only—and this is the snapper, see?—Liszt don't know. Bessie is Bessie till she chimes in on this number he wrote when they were kids—this 'Rhapsody,' or whatever it is."

"Such a beautiful story like nobody ever heard," Lefko declared emotionally.

"Liszt," said George coldly, "went to Vienna when he was nine."

"You don't have to be a hundred per cent historical in a musical," said Joel, "but where we gonna find a Bessie?"

"There is a law saying Joel Hopper shouldn't discover some little lady with a beautiful voice," asked Lefko. "Is too big yolk, like hunting noodles in haystacks?"

Joel's feeble gulp of greeting was cut short as Lissenka flung her arms around his neck.

"Call up Sound, Miss Schuller," said Joel, "and say to send over all the tests we got of obligatos."

"Sopranos," amended George patiently.

Four hours later, Joel was talking to the M-K-G Paris office while his conferees waited anxiously in the conference-room. Among the tests that they had heard were several sent in by Dick Lebel, who had been at Kiev shooting a travelogue, had run into a local musical festival, and had recorded eight or nine of the folk tunes. One soprano voice was so pure and flexible, of such range and brilliance, as might be likely to make Mignonette burst with envy.

From a group-still of the singers, the soprano was identified as one Lissenka, and, egged on by Lefko, Joel had decided to import her.

He came in from his office.

"Well," he said, "the Paris office is flying a man to Kiev to-night, and he oughta locate this lark in a day or two."

"She didn't look like any raving beauty in the picture," observed George laconically.

"All I ask," said Joel, "is she's a couple notches removed from repulsive. After that she's the camera-man's headache."

The morning that Lissenka arrived in Hollywood, Joel had called a conference in his office. When the communicator on Joel's desk buzzed, and the receptionist announced that Madame Lissenka had arrived, he jumped.

"Shoot her on in," he said. "I guess you'd all like to have a look at her, huh?"

Chuck Costello, the studio train-meeter, came in first, a look of gloomy triumph on his face. In his wake, billowing off Lefko's arm, was what at first glance appeared to be one of those floats which booster organisations rig up for parades.

Joel frowned ominously. "Get that circus outta here," he barked. "I'm not in the mood for kidding."

"Is not kidding," said Lefko unhappily. "Is Lissenka."

Joel's feeble gulp of greeting was cut short as Lissenka flung brawny arms about his neck and kissed him lavishly on cheek and forehead. He reeled back into his special chair. "Get her away!" he yelled.

Combining exhortation and justification, Lefko eventually managed to uncoil the lady. Boiling over with goodwill, Lissenka crunched hands all round, and then rushed up and down the room, squealing with excitement at the marvels she beheld.

Joel loosened his collar. "She speak any English?"

"Not a word," said Lefko.

"Tell her to come here and stand still," sighed Joel. "This has gotta be faced."

At Lefko's word of command, Lissenka lumbered over and preened herself before Joel, an amiable smile on her face. She was wearing a voluminous black dress. Black-and-white pumps glittered on what, by any man's yardstick, were feet, and, story after story above them, her costume reached its climax in a white satin turban.

Her face, when finally located, had symptoms of beauty. But her figure was concealed under such a rippling overcoat of avoidpoups that it remained a moot point whether M-K-G had acquired a soprano or a truck.

Joel was already assembling words to banish her from the payroll at the earliest legal date, when Lissenka took charge. She favored the company with a bright blue wink, tossed her head and burst into song.

An hour later, escorted by a beaming Lefko, M-K-G's newest employee was taken on a tour of the lot. For music had done far more than just soothing the savage breast; in midair it had stayed the axe. Lissenka was in.

"Her voice got me," Joel admitted. "And if she can get me, what she will do to any ordinary audience is murder."

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Page 3

THE VISITOR

JOYCE looked across the room at Hap and waited for the warm rush of thankfulness to break over her. She waited to feel safe and right because Hap was home. But nothing happened. She stayed frozen inside.

Of course she was glad being glad was easy and natural, and when he touched her that was enough for a moment. But now when he was across the room she knew that being glad hadn't melted the cold dread that stayed deep inside her.

She told herself desolately: He hasn't really come home at all. He's really nothing more than a visitor.

"It isn't fair, Hap," she said aloud. "You won the war, and now instead of letting you come back to me they're sending you straight away again with the Occupation Army."

Hap turned, his blue eyes quizzical, and she couldn't tell what he felt.

"I didn't exactly win the war single-handed," he remarked. "And don't forget it'll be different this time. The danger's over."

His voice trailed away. For they both knew that the danger, even, was not the point.

The point was that they had to face another long separation. That even with the war over they still were not free to settle down, to carry out their eager plans... their dreams... And somehow, danger or no danger, this new separation, coming as it did on top of those other agonised years of waiting, seemed even worse, even harder to bear.

"What are we going to do?" she asked slowly. "I think—I can't bear it—to have you go away again."

Hap moved sharply, and his face tightened to stillness. He came across to her and his hands were gentle for an instant, and then he pulled her to him urgently.

"Stop talking about it," he said, with a harsh edge to his voice. "It's no good talking about it. Can't we forget I'm going away again?"

No. I can't forget. The words were like a fierce little scream deep in her throat, but she didn't let them break out.

"Joyce—" he was saying, just her name, over and over.

And she knew she had to stop being selfish and find what he wanted of her. It was worse for him. He had to go.

"Yes, Hap," she said. "I'll be good now. What do you want me to do?"

She waited, leaning against him. This was the way you should feel about your husband, endlessly close, and she was very quiet so the closeness would stay.

"Joyce, could we just go along as if I were home for good?" His hands were tightening on her shoulders. "We don't have to keep looking ahead and remembering I'm going away, do we? Can't I just be home, Joyce?"

"Yes, my darling," she murmured. "Here we are. We're all right."

Then they began to hurry, to make everything the way it used to be. They unpacked his things and put them out of sight, and hung his uniform in the dark back of the closet.

They put his brushes, just so, on the left-hand side of the chest of drawers, and she hung one of his old bright ties on the bar of her dressing-table mirror, where he always used to throw the one he had taken off.

Joyce went out to the cedar closet and got an armload of his suits and jackets, and when she came back he had put on slacks and a plaid sports shirt and was standing looking at himself in the mirror.

"Not bad?" he said.

Joyce considered him critically. "Well, I like it." Then her face fell. "I'm afraid, though," she said, "that Mrs. Dillington will be a little disappointed to see you in sports clothes instead of your uniform."

His eyebrows shot up. "Mrs. Dillington?"

"Yes, dear. She's coming this afternoon."

Hap said, "She'd better not stay all night. What's she coming round here so soon for, anyhow?"

"To welcome you home, in the name of the Women's Auxiliary." Hap groaned. Then suddenly he asked, "How's the garden? Did you

By ...
**WARE TORREY
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"You'll appreciate this, I'm sure," Joyce said, handing him the ice-cold drink.

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mess it up with Victory vegetables?"

"I planted it just the way we always do," she retorted. "With the vegetables neatly tucked away behind the hedge."

"Come on. Let's see."

He caught her hand and they were running down the stairs in a wave of lightheartedness when the doorbell rang.

"Mrs. Dillington," said Joyce.

"Maybe the postman," said Hap hopefully.

It was Mrs. Dillington. She was standing on the doormat with her smile waiting, and she'd certainly got herself up for the occasion. A gay hat with purple flowers, and a new dress. Her plump face was glazed with fervor.

"Hap!" she exclaimed, holding out both hands to him. "My dear boy. I can't believe that it's really Hap Hazard."

"Hello, Mrs. Dillington," said Hap crisply. "Nice to see you again." He grinned at her, a dry grin that was very firm.

"Our boy!" said Mrs. Dillington. "Our brave, wonderful boy!"

Hap's grin wavered.

"In the name of the Women's Auxiliary, welcome home," said Mrs. Dillington, with a throb in her voice.

There was a bad pause, and then Hap said, "Thank you," and Joyce murmured, "Come in, Mrs. Dillington." Because after all, even if Mrs. Dillington had thoroughly enjoyed the war, she had the very best intentions.

Mrs. Dillington turned to Joyce. "And now, at last, you have him home again, my dear."

"Yes," said Joyce. Yes, she had him home—for a snatched few weeks. Twenty-one days, count them. "Won't you come in, Mrs. Dillington?"

Hap leaned against the doorway, casually blocking the entrance.

"It was kind of you to come over," he told Mrs. Dillington, and he made it sound convincing. "Thanks for the welcome. And I'll be seeing you again." He smiled down at her. "But of course you understand—I've only just got home..."

Please turn to page 17

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The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1947

Prelude to MURDER

Drama in a strange setting



Rowland was already at work, with Carol posed under the bright sunlight.

I could pick up the pieces of my pre-war writing career.

Our advertisements had brought scant results, until, like manna from heaven, came the letter from Spencer Rowland, offering a cottage that was like an answer to our prayers.

As we knocked at the front door the music inside started again. It was still the same record—the Rachmaninoff Prelude.

The door swung open, and Spencer Rowland gazed at us. He was a man about in his fifties, his hair greying at the temples, with a short-clipped beard and moustache. "Come in—come in!" he invited heartily, and led us into the fire-lit living-room. The Prelude music was flooding from an inlaid cabinet beside the stone fireplace, above which hung a striking portrait of a young woman.

As we entered it finished and clicked off, and the room was restful and peaceful in the quiet glow of the hearth-fire.

"So you're Gregory Chandler?" Rowland queried. "That's very interesting. I've read some of your books."

We talked then about things I had written, and about the plans Carol and I had for the future. Rowland was so easy and friendly to talk to that it was not until afterward I realised what a complete picture of our background I had given him—and still later before I began to suspect that a devious pattern had guided every gently prodded question.

"It was sheer chance that I happened to see your advertisement for a country place," he told me. "Before that, I hadn't the slightest idea of renting my cottage. But I was intrigued by the fact that you were a writer. You see, my interests also are in the artistic field. I paint."

Carol and I both glanced up to that striking portrait over the mantel, and Carol asked: "Is that one of your paintings, Mr. Rowland?"

He nodded. "My wife," he said simply. "She died several years ago. She was quite a bit younger than I, which made it all the more a

shock. It's been rather lonely for me here, since then—"

Rowland paused, starting off into space. "So I decided a change might be good for me," he resumed. "Travel around for a year or two, perhaps, and take up probably my painting again."

"My plans are just the opposite," I said. "I've had all the travelling I want for a long time. What I need now is a quiet spot to settle down and write."

Rowland looked at us, nodding and smiling. "Yes, I feel that you two really belong in this house," he said, and stood up. "Would you like to see the rest of it?"

Inside, the cottage was much larger than we had thought, with every modern equipment for comfort and convenience. Carol was delighted with everything, and Rowland smiled at her enthusiasm.

By . . .

WALTER C. BROWN

"This is an isolated house, Mrs. Chandler," he said. "There is no telephone, and it is about six miles to Eastredge, the nearest shopping centre. But you won't have to live in any primitive fashion."

"It's a beautiful house, Mr. Rowland!" Carol exclaimed as we returned to the living-room. "I love it already."

"Yes," I said, "we'd like very much to have it, if we can reach an agreement about the rent—"

"I don't think we'll have any trouble over that," Rowland smiled. "It is more important to me to have careful tenants. I think that you and Mrs. Chandler would really appreciate this place, and take good care of my furnishings." He mentioned the rental—an unusually modest sum.

Carol and I looked at each other, scarcely able to believe our good luck. But it was real enough, for Rowland promptly wrote out a simple rental agreement, which we signed, and I paid him the first month's rental in cash.

He seemed surprisingly pleased, and it was he who suggested that we all drive up immediately to collect our belongings so that we could

move in at once. Personally I thought this was rushing it too much but he was so charmingly insistent we did not like to refuse.

It was long past midnight when we returned to Piper's Woods, unloaded our baggage, and entered the cottage as guests of Spencer Rowland. After he bade us goodnight we stood by the window of our bedroom, looking out at the interlacing pattern of moonlight and shadow over the dark blur of Piper's Woods.

"Poor Mr. Rowland!" Carol murmured. "He must have been terribly lonesome here, Greg. The way he insisted that we come back here to-night; he's simply starved for someone to talk to—"

I thought about those words of Carol's as I lay in bed, restless and wide awake. I thought about Spencer Rowland. Why didn't I feel wholly at ease about the man? The feeling puzzled me because he had shown us nothing but the utmost kindness and consideration.

Just then I heard the Prelude again, its torrential strains muted by the closed doors of the living-room. Rowland was playing it over and over with scarcely a pause.

It was still playing as I drowsed off to sleep, but it didn't sound beautiful to me any more. It sounded rather grim and foreboding—and somehow sinister.

But there was nothing sinister about Rowland's cottage when we awoke in the morning. The rooms were flooded with sunlight, and the air tinged with the delicious aroma of bubbling coffee and crisp bacon.

We found Rowland in the kitchen preparing breakfast, and he gave us a cheery "Good morning," refusing Carol's offer to help. It was a pleasant meal, served in the big wide-windowed breakfast-nook that overlooked the garden.

Carol was looking particularly lovely that morning. It seemed to me. And as we lingered over our coffee and Rowland's long-stemmed Russian cigarettes, I noticed that our host was studying her with the tense absorption of the artist.

"If you ever have your portrait painted, Mrs. Chandler," he said, "you should pose in sunlight or firelight. Your face should be turned to a three-quarters profile, and tilted slightly upwards—"

He broke off as if struck by a sudden idea. "But why shouldn't I paint your portrait?" he exclaimed. "Would you be willing to sit for me, Mrs. Chandler?"

Carol hesitated, flattered and a little embarrassed.

"That's terribly kind, Mr. Rowland. I—I really don't know what to say—"

"We would have ten days for it—plenty of time," Rowland urged. "We could begin to-day—this afternoon perhaps. I would keep my hand in practice and it would be very fitting for you to have

it above the hearth, where my wife's picture hangs now."

And that is how Spencer Rowland began to paint Carol's picture. It seemed harmless enough at the time—so spontaneous, so casual a gesture.

Rowland started work on the portrait that very afternoon, while I was busy catching up with my correspondence.

"You must let people know where you are, Chandler," Rowland said. "I practically kidnapped the two of you last night. In fact, I don't believe you left your forwarding address at your old quarters, did you?"

"I didn't think of it," I replied. "By the way, what is the correct postal address for here? Is it just Piper's Woods?"

"No," Rowland informed me. "Sorry there's no delivery out here. All mail goes to Box 19, Eastredge Post Office. If you'll get your letters ready, I'll mail them for you. I'll be driving over to town late this afternoon. And when you've finished, join us in the studio, won't you?"

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Page 5

THERE'S one thing, at any rate, Carol and I will always say about the man named Spencer Dee-Witt Rowland—that he had a great and genuine passion for fine music.

In fact, I believe that Rowland's insatiable love of music had the effect a drug might have on others, and that he deliberately sought the intoxication that beauty of sound aroused in him.

It is the only way I can account for his sinister craving for Rachmaninoff's famous Prelude in C Sharp Minor.

Rowland was playing Rachmaninoff's own piano recording of the Prelude as Carol and I drove up to that lovely cottage at the end of a

long and lonely gravel lane in the green heart of Piper's Woods.

The record came to its finish just as we pulled up before the house. But Carol didn't even notice that. She was staring, entranced, at the cottage.

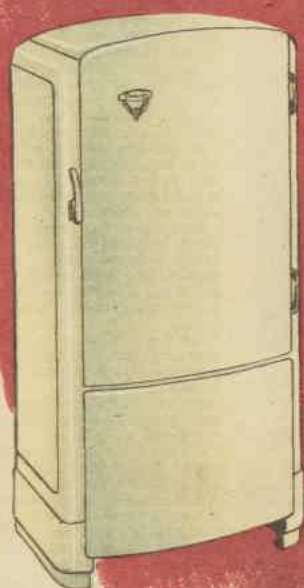
"Oh, Greg—look! What a perfect house! It can't be real!"

I knew how she felt. She was looking at this storybook cottage and thinking of our furnished rooms in the overcrowded apartment-house which we reluctantly called home.

We had been married just before I went overseas; now I was back in civilian life with an honorable discharge, and trying desperately to find a quiet spot somewhere where

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Flowers from a Stranger

"Tim!" she cried as he cut across the path of the onrushing car.

LORNA came downstairs to find her mother-in-law already at breakfast. The older woman looked up with surprise as she entered the room.

"My dear, I thought you'd have breakfast in bed," she said. "You should, you know."

"I couldn't stay in bed any longer," Lorna told her. "I've been awake since five."

She sat down at the table while Mrs. Baylor rang for the maid.

"I've been thinking about that report you had about my parents," Lorna went on slowly. "May I see it?"

"Of course!" Mrs. Baylor got up and brought the report back to Lorna.

She studied it carefully as she drank her tea. Tim's mother was right; it contained very little. It said of her mother, "Marie Chantre met with accidental death in London in May 1920."

Lorna read the sentence several times—a cold statement of what was to her a far-reaching tragedy.

"I believe I know where I can find out about my mother's death," she

Concluding instalment of our engrossing serial

By ... DOROTHEE CAROUSSO

told Mrs. Baylor. "If it was reported in the newspapers, I'll find it in the back files of the London papers."

The older woman nodded. "And yet, Lorna, I can't help feeling that you'd be better off if you'd let these things go. It seems wrong to dwell on them."

"I can't help it," Lorna told her. "I must know. I understand how you feel ... how Tim must feel ... yet I can't explain to either of you exactly what has happened to me. There was a time ... oh, a month ago! ... when I never dwelt on the past. I'd think back once in a while, naturally, but not for any length of time. But ever since this thing started, it ... it seems almost as though the past possesses me!"

"That's what I mean," Mrs. Baylor said. "It's a very dangerous state of mind, Lorna."

"You're warning me," Lorna said,

"against letting my mind get out of control."

"Yes, I am," Mrs. Baylor admitted. "It's—it's dangerous, Lorna."

"Yes. But, you see, my mind has really been out of control ever since that night at the Camerons' when I began to hear that music. And I must find out why in order to fight it. I must find out if Dr. Nestri has anything to do with me or my past."

"What do you hope to find out?" "I don't know," Lorna said vaguely. "I don't quite know."

She asked herself the same question later, climbing the steps to the newspaper library away from the noise and confusion. What do you hope to find out here, Lorna? She did not know.

The room to which she was directed when she entered the library was hushed with the intensity of the people working there. A pleasant grey-haired man brought the files of newspapers she requested.

Soon Lorna was quietly busy, scanning page after page of foreign politics and English politics, of fashions now ugly and shapeless, of accidents, of murders and scandals which meant nothing to her. Her eyes began to ache with the tedious strain of following column after column. She began to feel dizzy and faint.

Once she stopped and closed her eyes, and heard, for the first time since the day of her fall, a strain of that melody which was so beautiful and so evil.

She shook her head and closed her mind against it. Her mother-in-law's warning returned to her. She must try to keep her mind under some control. She knew so well the living death of insanity. She returned to her reading, and started to scan another page.

Suddenly the words seemed to jump out at her from the rest of the print: "Marie C. Trenton dies in Underground."

For a moment the shock of finding it swept over Lorna. Then she caught her breath and leaned forward, reading rapidly.

"Marie C. Trenton, former star of the Paris Opera, met her death today when she apparently fell from an Underground platform directly in front of a south-bound train. She was killed instantly."

"Mrs. Trenton was the former Marie Chantre, one of the youngest stars of the Paris Opera. She was married to Bruce Trenton in 1918. She is survived by her husband and a baby daughter, Lorna, both of London."

With that, Lorna saw again the dream she had had. She saw the woman standing in the dim light of the platform, saw her turn and smile tenderly. Was she thinking of me? Lorna tormented herself. Did she know? Did she fall ... or what? What was the significance of that "apparently fell"?

Stiffly she opened the notebook she had brought with her and began to write. Her hands moved with a slow cramped motion, copying every word of the newspaper account. I'll show them! They'll have to believe me now!

But when she had finished she found that she could not get to her feet. Her legs felt cold and heavy, and she had lost control of them. She sat back in her chair, staring at the stack of newspapers, talking to herself with wild dismay.

It's just shock, Lorna, she cautioned herself. It will pass.

She was dealing with herself out of Tim's books, she knew. She had to. She must not lose control now, here in this quiet room among strangers. She sat there listening to her own labored breathing, scolding herself with all the easy words

she could command. She saw that the young girl sitting near to her had noticed her distress.

After a few minutes the girl whispered, "Excuse me ... but do you feel all right?"

Her low words seemed to break the tension of the shock which held Lorna paralysed. She was able to answer quietly, "Thank you, I'll be all right in a moment."

Rising stiffly, she collected her things and returned the newspaper file to the pleasant grey-haired man. She walked down the long passage, her brain whirling in confusion.

She had known that she would find the truth here; yet, finding it, she could not now believe it.

Yet it was true; the story as she had dreamed it was copied carefully into her notebook.

Please turn to page 27

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Will the Prince and Princess live happily ever after?

Observers believe Elizabeth of England and Philip of Greece are in love

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London Staff

The first time I saw Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip of Greece together they were dancing to the strains of "People Will Say We're In Love." That was at the Bagatelle in Mayfair last spring, and the number was a request made by the young couple.

The choice was certainly prophetic, for the whole Empire is saying it now, and in spite of official denials there is a firm conviction that sooner or later the engagement will be announced.

WHEN I saw them at the Bagatelle rumor had just begun to couple their names. Prince Philip had taken the Princess and a party of her friends to dine and dance. His attentive manners and easy sophistication marked him out at once as a person of some distinction, and, like the rest of the people at the Bagatelle, I was not surprised to find he was a Royal Prince.

They danced perfectly together and looked the very picture of happiness, the Princess so fresh and girlish-looking, her blue eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed with excitement as she took the floor with her handsome escort.

The happiness of Princess Elizabeth lies close to the hearts of the whole British people. If Prince Philip is her choice—and I am assured that he has won her heart—then they want her to be very happy.

But the life of Princess Elizabeth must be balanced between the natural sentiment of a young girl's heart and the law set down, because of the tremendous responsibilities which she will one day assume.

Princess Elizabeth will be the Queen and her husband will be Consort, and though he will have no official position of authority it is well known and remembered that Prince Albert's strong will and exceptional ability had a great influence on the policy of Queen Victoria.

British-minded in every way, Prince Philip is a first-rate naval officer of the type of Viscount Mountbatten, his close kinsman, and has wit and wisdom to match his good looks and charming manners.

He is an excellent talker and something of a raconteur, with a gaiety of manner that makes light of responsibility while assuming it readily.

Educated in Britain

SIXTH in line to the Greek throne, the 25-year-old Prince was at school in Britain, and, to quote one of his closest friends, is "more English than the English themselves."

He has applied for British naturalisation—his second attempt to become a British subject. His first application in 1939 was held up because of the war.

If the Prince succeeds in this application—and there can be no doubt that he will—he will renounce all rights to the Greek throne, now held by his second cousin, King George of the Hellenes.

The only son of Prince Andrew of Greece and Denmark (one of the younger sons of King George I of the Hellenes), and second cousin to the present King George of the Hellenes, Prince Philip speaks neither Greek nor Danish.

His mother was Princess Alice of Battenberg, eldest daughter of the first Marquess of Milford Haven, who, as Prince Louis of Battenberg, became a naturalised British subject, rose to Admiral of the Fleet, and was First Sea Lord in World War I.

Prince Philip is a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria and a nephew of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, second cousin to King George of England, and third cousin to Princess Elizabeth.

Since he was a boy Prince Philip has shared almost every phase of our life here in Britain. In 1934, as a boy of 13, he became a pupil at Gordonstoun House, a school near Elgin, Scotland.

His parents made a proviso that



PRINCESS ELIZABETH. A recent study of the Princess in evening dress. She will be 21 on April 21.

he was to be treated in the same way as any other boy, and thus he grew up in the British tradition.

His unassuming nature and love of sport and adventure made him a favorite among his schoolmates.

As captain of the school's cricket team he made friends with many of the local schoolboys whom he met at matches.

He was a good mixer, and his easy manner and commonsense stood him in good stead when during this war he fought for England aboard one of His Majesty's ships, *Valiant*.

The Navy was his natural choice, for he comes of naval stock, and like most Britishers he loved the water as a boy.

He was always a good oarsman and qualified as a sea-scout while at school.

It was in his schooldays that the Prince developed the taste for theatricals that has made him splendid company for Princess Elizabeth, who is an amateur actress of some ability.

Handsome as any film star, he is enthusiastic about Shakespearean drama, and was always a certain choice for school plays.

At 15 he played *Macbeth*, and when on leave during the war he helped the Princesses put on their Christmas pantomimes, calling on the knowledge of the theatre that he learned in his schooldays.



PRINCE PHILIP of Greece, wearing a souvenired Digger's Hat. Picture was taken aboard H.M.S. *Valiant* when the ship was returning to England from Australia during the war.

To "Cousin Philip's" criticisms the Princess was always anxious to listen. He has lent her many books on the theatre which he picked up on shopping excursions round the bookshops at Elgin, where everyone knew and liked the fair-haired Prince.

When the war broke out Prince Philip was still at Dartmouth Naval College, restless to get into action.

On Christmas Day, 1940, at 19, he was the first member of Greek Royalty to join the British forces.

He became a midshipman in the *Valiant*, and after three months of inactivity, which caused him to remark many times that it was a dull war, he had his first experience of action with the Mediterranean Fleet in the Battle of Matapan.

Bearded in 1944

THE *Valiant* (the mystery ship so often sunk in Lord Haw Haw's broadcasts) scored direct hits with 75 per cent. of her shells, and, to quote Prince Philip: "It was as near murder as anything could be in wartime."

"We just smashed the cruisers *Flume* and *Zara*. They burst into tremendous sheets of flame."

"I hate to think how much worse it might have been for the Italian warships if we had met them by day instead of in a night action."

In 1944 Prince Philip reappeared on leave in London wearing a beard, which did not find favor with his gay young friends.

But Philip was more concerned with duty now than with his private life. His friends saw little of him.

He kept his beard despite protestations all round and sailed East to become A.D.C. to his uncle, Lord Louis.

It was not long after that appointment that rumors began to circulate

about a possible second union between the Greek and British Royal houses, and people recalled the romantic match of Princess Marina and the Duke of Kent.

Close friends of the Princess are certain that she knows her own mind, even though she is very young, and those who know the Prince feel she will indeed be lucky if she marries a man so well qualified by birth and accomplishments to be the Prince Consort.

Growing up together, and sharing so much in common, both the Prince and the Princess know and respect the wishes of the people over whom her parents rule.

The Princess' regal upbringing has brought with it a sense of responsibility. She cannot, like other girls, accept love as the first consideration.

As heir to the throne she knows she cannot follow only her heart; if in doing so she loses the love and respect of Britishers for their Royal Family.

Even though foreign policy less and less affects Royal marriages in Britain, Princess Elizabeth's choice will be guided by her parents and the statesmen who represent the people.

That is why she understands that though her private life is so widely discussed by the people it is because it is tied so closely with their own.

While those who see the Prince and Princess are convinced that the friendship has become an affair of the heart, the Princess now prepares for the Royal tour of South Africa, while the Prince awaits posting to one of His Majesty's ships.

That it may be the Vanguard, which takes the Royal Family to South Africa, is a rumor which has been scotched.

MENACE OF T.B.

OVER the past three months technicians in Sydney have been examining a huge collection of chest X-rays of men and boys.

In two per cent. of those already examined, they found evidence of T.B. infection.

Yet these plates did not come from T.B. suspects. They were all made at the Health Week Exhibition held in Sydney last October when thousands of men and boys—just for the fun of it—took advantage of the free X-ray service conducted there by the Anti-T.B. Association.

Fifty of those light-hearted experimenters are now receiving treatment for tuberculosis. Eleven of the cases were at a highly infective stage.

There could hardly be a stronger argument than these few facts for the usefulness of a nationwide chest check-up.

No doubt it would take months to put through regulations making such a check-up compulsory in age-groups where danger is greatest. But why wait for regulations?

If you are between 16 and 25 years of age you will be acting wisely if you have your chest X-rayed. There is no need to wait for any of the signs of T.B., loss of weight, exhaustion, a persistent cough. You may have the infection long before those appear.

If you can't afford private attention, seek the help of the Anti-T.B. Association clinic in Sydney where attention is available from Monday to Friday every week.

And as well as taking this personal precaution, do what you can to keep alive the demand for more and better hospitals and sanatoria where T.B. cases may be nursed and rested back to health.

Half-castes in north-west fine new race

Well-known Australian artist Elizabeth Durack, who belongs to one of Western Australia's oldest pioneer families, has spent the last year at Broome, painting pictures of the half-caste community there.

In one of these pictures, called "Mum," she portrays a typical half-caste family of north-west Australia, showing a 70-year-old wrinkled, full-blooded aboriginal woman, her well-built, 30-year-old half-caste daughter, and two of her golden-skinned grandchildren.

MISS DURACK has brought out strongly what she considered the vital factor, the half-caste mother's strength and force of character, because she feels that women such as this are building a new race in the north.

This family lives in a decrepit-looking, once-white weatherboard house in one of Broome's back streets.

While the old woman's mind goes back to her girlhood in native camps and experiences as a pearl-diver, says Miss Durack, her daughter is set on bringing up her children in the tradition of the white race. There is no baby health centre for the young mother to take her children to, but the local hospital is her clinic.

There she has learnt to rear her children according to white man's ideas, to feed them well, teach them hygiene.

Fresh fruit comes once a month on the lugger. Fresh vegetables are practically unheard of, except by those who can afford to have them brought by air from Perth, and everyone uses tinned milk.

Their education she leaves in the hands of the local mission, run by the Roman Catholic Church.

The home is ramshackle. Furnishings are primitive.

But there is a happy atmosphere of home.

And in the backyard stands a battered old truck into which the whole family piles on Sundays and goes off for beach picnics.

The father of the golden-colored children is a half-caste.

He earns £10 to £15 a week from the main local firm, working in its store and on its loggers.

He works alongside white men; but the strong color line prevents him sharing their social life.

Wives of the men he works with will not meet his wife socially.

But the half-caste woman knows her man earns as much as the white women's husbands.

She is proud, holds her head high, and would not think of doing any domestic work for whites.

"I do not think the half-caste is any problem. Assimilation is resulting in a strong, virile, ascending

race, so let us accept the fact realistically and be glad of it," said Miss Durack.

"This assimilation of the natives has come about naturally, and to me it is the solution for populating the north," she said.

"Malay, Chinese, and Japanese blood, as well as aboriginal, has gone into the making of these golden-skinned half-castes."

"Half-castes live outside any ordinary social code, and because they have no fear of being banished from a society that rejects them anyway, they often do not trouble to marry."



MISS ELIZABETH DURACK. An exhibition of Miss Durack's paintings of Broome and its people opens at David Jones' Gallery in Sydney this Friday. Exhibitions have already been held in Perth and Melbourne.

"But they are good mothers, passionately devoted to their children."

"The church tries to alter their attitude to marriage."

Bishop Raible, in charge of the Roman Catholic Church at Broome, endeavors to marry young half-caste girls to half-caste boys and set them up in small homes at Beagle Bay, a mission controlled by his church.

"Half-caste women are ideally suited for life up there. To them northern Australia is home. They are happy and proud to make homes and bring up their children there."

"But white women regard it as exile. Their minds turn nostalgically to the fertile, cooler regions of the south, from which they came."

"Most white women go south to have their babies."

Although the color line in Broome is so strongly marked, it does not appear at all in the little port of Derby, 200 miles away.

Here a small community of several hundred people consists almost entirely of half-castes or of whites married to half-castes.

Their standard of living is, on the whole, a big step forward from the ramshackle home in Broome.

Here, for instance, lives another daughter of the same old black woman. She has married a white. She has a pleasant, well-kept home.

Two of her four girls have gone off to a convent in Perth to live the normal life of white children.

The ambition of every half-caste girl living in Broome, as part of a community shunned by the white population, is to marry either a half-caste or a white, and live at Derby.

Just such a girl has been painted by Miss Durack in her picture called "Francis."

She has tawny eyes, lustrous black hair, and golden skin.

The youngest daughter of the local squash dealer, her life until now has been spent in Broome chipping ice into lemon squashes for customers.

Clothes fascinate her. Not for her the simple cotton frocks for sale at the local store.

She sends away each year for catalogues from the big city stores in the south, then selects her midriff frocks, sunsuits, sandals.

She is engaged to a white man and will make her home at Derby.

For her marriage she will wear full bridal array and her wedding will be a full church service.

One of the noticeable things about these half-caste women is that they have become clothes conscious before they have assimilated any ideas of better living conditions.

Their homes remain primitively furnished, despite the good wages their men are earning.

But when they marry white men with a good position, on stations or in towns, half-caste women show amazing rapidity in assimilating the customs of their husbands' people.

"Their homes are well kept. Their table appointments and the meals they serve are always of an excellent standard. Their adaptability is remarkable," said Miss Durack.

"The aborigines in settled areas such as Broome have no fight left in them. They accept the fact that as a race they are dying out. They have lost their dignity and pride."

"But the half-castes are unconsciously fighting for a better position. They are bettering themselves all the time and as they learn more will gradually lift themselves and their children higher."

Interesting People



MISS DOROTHY SCHOLZ . . . will sing here

TEN years ago Dorothy Scholz, a Tasmanian by birth, went to live in South Africa, where she trained as a dramatic soprano, achieved place for herself as both a platform and a radio singer. During the war she travelled all over South Africa with operatic section of repertory players, entertaining troops and Italian prisoners of war. She found the standard of the prisoners' music very high. Dorothy is visiting Australia, plans to sing here.



LIEUT.-COLONEL WIGGINS . . . musical editor-in-chief

APART from writing, which is his job, music is main interest of Lieut.-Colonel Wiggins, new editor-in-chief of Salvation Army publications in Australia. Has written several books, including "Father of Salvation Army Music." His latest book was ready for print when he left London. It is "Campaigning in Captivity," about prisoners of war and internees who continued Salvation Army work in prison camps. He has been with the Army 32 years. Will live in Melbourne.



MISS ELIZABETH BATHER . . . constabulary duty

DEMOBBED after seven years' service with the W.A.A.F., Miss Elizabeth Bather has become No. 1 policewoman in Britain, succeeding Dorothy Peto as Commandant of the Metropolitan Women Police. Miss Bather is blonde, slim, and petite, so short, in fact, that she confesses she has to stretch to reach the regulation 5 feet 4 inches. Says: "I shall probably be shortest of our 400 policewomen." Before joining W.A.A.F. she lived at Winchester, where her father was a housemaster, was a local magistrate, member of Hampshire County Council.

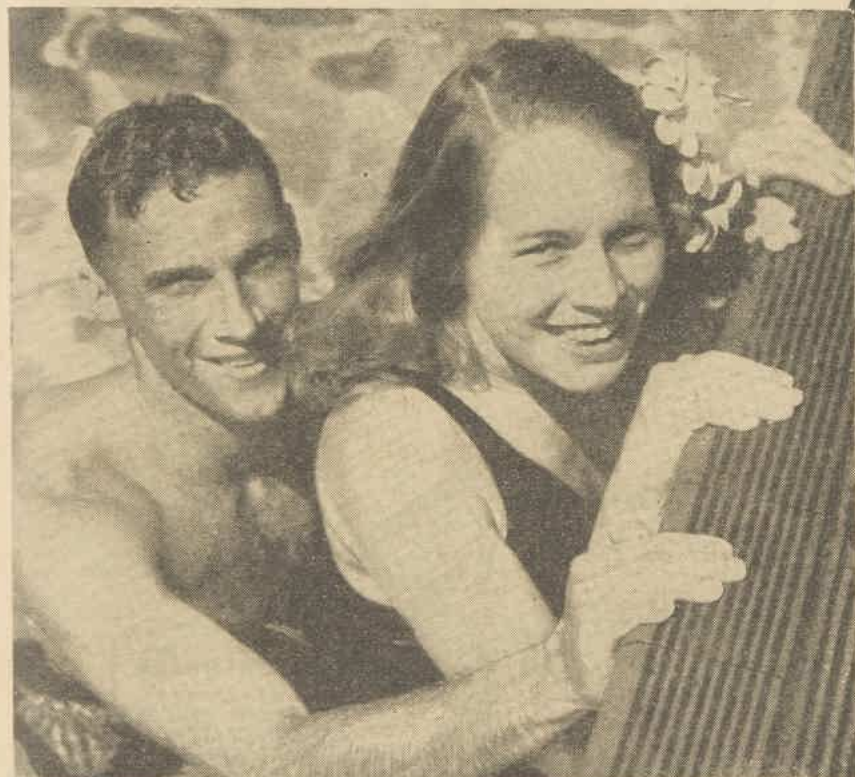


IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



BUTTERFLY STROKE, in which Wright specialises, was learnt by wife through watching him training. Here pair demonstrate its unusual arm movement.

Swimmer's wife prepares and shares training diet



IDEAL COUPLE. The Wrights met three years ago in Virginia, while Kentucky-born Mrs. Wright was holidaying. They have lived in Hawaii for past year, where Wright received his discharge from U.S. Marines, and have daughter, Susan Nalani, aged three months.

Pictures on this page show the visiting U.S. breast-stroke swimmer Ralph Wright, of Honolulu, and his wife, training at the Olympic Pool, Sydney.

Being a swimmer's wife means a lot of special cooking, so Mrs. Wright always shares her husband's training diet. She says she finds it gives her lots of energy and yet is slimming.

LONG hours of strenuous swimming which Wright does every day require plenty of energy-giving foods and he drinks at least two pints of milk a day.

Breakfast, taken at least three hours before swimming, consists of oatmeal (when it can be obtained), two scrambled eggs, and bacon or sausage.

Lunch and dinner usually feature lean steak, liver, or fish, potatoes baked in their jackets, and salads. A glucose sweet resembling jelly is a permanent feature on the menu, and they take honey in their tea.

While competing for Australian swimming records, Wright does all his training in the baths, but when he was at college in California he took up weight-lifting to increase his stroke.

"He used to practise this weight-lifting every winter and was voted the second-fittest man along the coast in one of the college magazines," Mrs. Wright said.

In the butterfly stroke, in which Wright specialises, the arms are thrown out above the water in the forward movement instead of being pushed out under water as in ordinary breast-stroke. This stroke requires terrific shoulder development.

He perfected his style under the tuition of Mr. Sakamoto, the swimming coach at the University of Hawaii, where he is taking his Master of Education degree.

Wright took his Bachelor of Arts degree at his home town university in Stockton, California.

Although the butterfly stroke was used by Japanese swimmers in the Olympic Games, it has only recently been recognised as an orthodox style in Australia.

While here Wright has had greatest success with the butterfly stroke, with which he has already broken two Australian breast-stroke records.

Part of Wright's speed is due to a unique turn he has perfected, which takes seconds off the time required by orthodox swimmers to turn at the end of the baths. It consists of a complete underwater roll, in one smooth movement, with sharp kick-off.

He will take part in championships in Adelaide early in February.

KEEN interest is shown by Mrs. Wright in husband's training, and she comes down to the pool with him every morning. Here she is reminding him to keep elbow high in breast-stroke sprints.



"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.
She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

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MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain. . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them."—Mrs. L.

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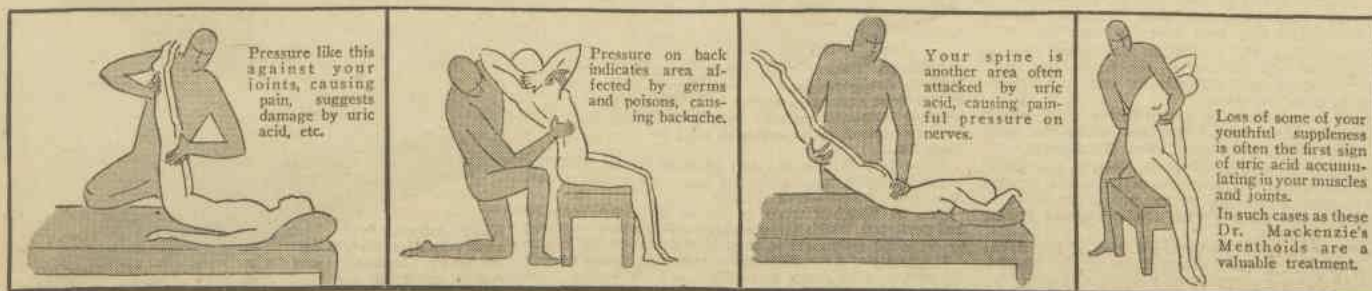
Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.





GOLDEN HAMSTER, new pet in Britain, inspecting some uncooked macaroni. He puts it in his cheek pouches, takes it home to store.

Britain's latest pet craze

Golden hamsters sell as fast as they breed, and that's fast

From BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

Britain's latest rage among schoolboys, dear old ladies, and shrewd businessmen is a furry little animal who combines the cuteness of Bambi, the industry of Mickey Mouse, and the cheeky raffishness of Donald Duck.

The golden hamster is his name, a rodent discovery for pet lovers. Already his charms have won as much publicity in England as the adventures of a Walt Disney star.

ALL the 'golden hamsters' now thriving in England's domestic limelight are descended from a mother uncovered with her litter eight feet below ground by a party of archaeologists excavating in Syria in 1930. Her species was thought to be extinct, though there is a different type of hamster quite common in Europe.

Now there is a British Hamster Club whose members are multiplying almost as fast as the hamsters themselves—and they hold the world's record.

The hamster stands up on his hind legs to sniff inquiringly at you, grabs his food between tiny pink forepaws to inspect it, then stuffs it into a pouch in his cheek to chew it over later.

No girls fled on to chairs when his bright button eyes and mousy features made their appearance in our London Office, and the only squeals they gave were of pure delight.

But the male staff was noticeably lukewarm as he scuttled about over typewriters on his short webbed feet and poked a quivering nose into telephone conversations.

Hamsterites have been exhibiting their pets with great success throughout the country. An enterprising salesman member put a hamster family on display and drew huge crowds into his motor showroom.

They stole a rabbit show at Horticultural Hall, Westminster, when 200 competed for the Blue Ribbon of Hamsterdom.

Britain's most fashionable magazine for pet lovers, "Fur and Feather," now chronicles the adventures of these golden-furred charmers under the heading, "Hamster Happenings." This is set right next to the notes of their deadly rivals, the National Mouse Club, whose members might well view their advent with alarm.

For the golden hamster, with his winning intelligence and high birth-rate, is usurping the place of white mice and guinea-pigs in the affections of the British schoolboy.

From "Fur and Feather," which for quaint reading rivals practically any magazine you can think of, I learned that they are worth about 15/- each, even though mother ham-

ster can produce a litter averaging from eight to twelve. And that within the short space of sixteen days from mating. The young are ready to mate when they are only a month old.

Hamsters swear at each other like monkeys. They are strong individualists.

One might build his bed in the

form of a miniature volcano and plunge down into the crater to sleep. Another will construct his like a tunnel and disappear inside. A third, usually the shiftless boy of the family, will hop into his bed any old how and just pull up his straw bedclothes over his head.

An eager lady breeder, Miss E. Phillips, who keeps a fascinated watch on hamster habits, confessed to me: "The only thing is, they have a disconcerting way of looking straight through me when I'm watching them, as though they know everything I am thinking. And sometimes that makes me feel a bit uneasy."

In her Maida Vale flat, where Miss Phillips keeps her hamsters, there are already several dogs of various breeds, some rabbits, and a colony of guinea-pigs.

Though breeding the prolific guinea-pig supplies much of her income, the superior profit now to be had from hamsters has induced Miss Phillips to "switch over to them."

She has been additionally encouraged to do this because the little creatures have become quite used to her and are now breeding without any inhibitions.

"There has been a great run on hamsters ever since we started to exhibit them," she told me. "Even though they are multiplying so rapidly now, I can't cope with the telephone orders that are pouring in."

"They are clean and have no smell. The elastic pouches in their cheeks are Mrs. Hamster's shopping-bags. When she forages for food she tucks it in her pouches till she is so swollen around the neck that she looks to be wearing a fur collar. Then she comes

home and dumps it tidily into her larder, like a squirrel."

The British Hamster Club has published a delightful summary of the personalities on its committee. They describe, for instance, their headmaster vice-president, Mr. George Everard, M.A., as "a personality in the rabbit world;" committee councillor Miss A. M. Hibbert as "founder of the former Muskrat Fancy;" member Mr. R. A. Baker as "well known in Southern England mouse circles;" and member Mr. R. Garrett as "a live wire in the fox rabbit world."

Their president is a well-known London fur merchant Mr. W. G. Roderick, F.Z.S., who looks forward to exporting hamsters as domestic pets to Australia.

He says they are hardy, almost immune to disease, can adapt themselves to extreme changes of climate, and there is a possibility that their lovely tawny-gold fur could become very valuable if they were given meat to eat.

"The only thing about feeding hamsters meat is that they become uncivil and likely to bite," he said. "While they remain vegetarians they remain tame."

But you have to watch your hamster litter, for one in about six is born irritable. He will nip quite sharply the hand that feeds him, and, as they say in the hamster world, once a biter always a biter.

On the other hand, non-biters don't undergo any sinister Jekyll-and-Hyde change and suddenly start biting.

From the Hamster Club's lore and the data of scientists, who find them admirable for laboratory work, any British pet-shop owner can supply a whole fund of hamster hints.

They aren't very sociable with one another, establish their own rights in a particular corner of the cage, and defend them against the intrusion of their neighbors.

With strangers or other pets like cats and dogs in the vicinity they will not breed for a long while. Most owners find that at least a year elapses before they are sufficiently trustful not to destroy their young. Even then their "kittens" must not be touched till they are a month old.

They have a quaint air of dull sleepiness on getting up in the mornings, according to Miss Phillips, "just as if they had a hangover."

Mother Hamster often kicks father out of bed, but allows him to take part of the straw with him. Which, a proud Hamsterite pointed out, shows a sense of justice often rare even in humans when things come to this pass.



FULLY GROWN, the hamster is about five inches long. Miss Gwen Kingston's travels on her shoulder.

What's on your mind?

An evening out and job combined

THERE is no reason why every town in Australia should not have a baby-minding scheme similar to one in a small town in Bedfordshire, England.

This is how it works. The baby-minders are working-girls in their late teens.

They formed a club, and each member gives up one evening a week to minding children while their parents are out.

The girls go out in pairs. If they are willing to put their charges to bed, then the family invites them to come early and share the evening meal. Otherwise, the mother does the job and the girls arrive about seven o'clock.

Seven days' notice was originally stipulated for those requiring service, but, owing to the increase of members, parents can arrange for help even on the day they want to go out.

The fee charged is 2/6, which goes towards the club funds. The girls have a pleasant evening and do a good job at the same time.

Leadership is all that is required to get a similar scheme started here. The enthusiasm of Australian teenagers would ensure its success.

11 to I. Sexton, 67 Wilson St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 5. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Big boy versus little boy

IT is a nuisance when small boys tease big boys. One small boy can turn a whole school against a bigger boy. If the big boy chastises the small boy he is instantly called a bully. The only way to avoid this



sort of trouble is to divide the playground so that the small boys and big boys are in different sections.

5/- to E. Neville, Pine Park, Woomelang, Vic.

Advertise on stamps

AS Australia wants to attract tourists, why not advertise several of our leading tourist attractions on our postage stamps. In

this way people overseas who receive mail from here would become familiar with Australian scenes and, pleased by their beauty, want to visit them.

5/- to Len Drummond, 194 Campbell St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Making theft difficult

AS a precaution against burglars, whenever our house is left empty I lock the door of each room separately. One night a burglar forced the kitchen window, found nothing there, could not get into the rest of the house, so forced another window, and all he got was a cigarette-case.

Another room was attempted, but, tired or disturbed, he gave up and went away.

5/- to Mrs. Annie George, c/o Box 522E, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Certificate of service

WHEN an employee has been a certain period in his employer's service it should be compulsory for him to be issued with a certificate of merit. These should be issued after five, ten, and 15 years' continuous good service.

These certificates would be a record of ability and good workmanship for the employee to show if he desires to improve his position. He would not have to apply for a written reference, sometimes reluctantly given, and with wording which at times is not a very true indication of his merits.

5/- to Francis Godolphin, 37 Bristol Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.



That dull pain often means

"Eye-strain" Headaches!

Quick, safe relief with Anacin

If your eyes smart, lids become sore, heavy and reddened, if you get a dull, heavy pain at the back of your eyes . . . then the chances are you are suffering from eye-strain. Just two Anacin tablets will bring quick, fast relief from eye-strain headaches.

AMAZING SPEED! Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients—that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of this extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

Because they work so fast, two

Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So—Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective for all headaches.

Change now to Anacin

If you have been using the same headache remedy over a long period of time, then for faster relief doctors advise a change. Change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists. Packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.



ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.



Two bring fast relief

DO YOU KNOW?

CATO'S CABBAGE CURE

CATO, ROMAN WRITER (234-149 BC) RECOMMENDED FRUZZLED CABBAGE FOR TOOTHACHE! THERE'S NO GUESSWORK IN DENTISTRY TODAY—DR. N.S. JENKINS SCIENTIFICALLY EVOLVED THE KOLYNOS FORMULA. KOLYNOS IS HIGHLY-ACTIVE... SWEEPS AWAY HIDDEN FOOD DEPOSITS—DESTROYS DENTAL DECAY GERMS.

DEATH WARNING!

TOOTHACHE WAS ONCE THOUGHT TO BE A WARNING OF DEATH—EVERYONE HAD THE DEEPEST COMPASSION FOR ANY FELLOW SUFFERER.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

NEWS EXTRA

GANGSTER FOILED BY OWN TEETH!

SPECIAL

To beat fingerprint identification, John Hamilton, one of the notorious Dillinger gang, had his finger tips purposely disfigured. However, comparison of his teeth with records of a gao dentist established his identity beyond question.

PHOTOGRAPH OF 12 SAWING-MUTILATION

TEETH FROM SUN!

EVEN TODAY, ARAB BOYS THROW THEIR SHED TEETH TO THE SUN AND ASK FOR STRONG, HEALTHY ONES IN EXCHANGE. KOLYNOS IS THE DOUBLE ACTION DENTAL CREAM... KEEPS YOUR TEETH HEALTHY—YOUR MOUTH FRAGRANTLY FRESH.

4 REAL MONEY SAVER

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE—HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS ALL YOU NEED.

K47-5

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD days are ahead for Aquarians, Geminians, and Librans now, with Sagittarians and Arians benefiting also to a lesser degree.

They should seek promotions and gains, but Scorpions, Taurians, and Leonians should live quietly, as the present period may prove difficult and tricky.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): January 28 can prove very fair, and 29 (to sunset) helpful. Rest of week very poor until late January 31.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware temperamental and indiscreet outbursts now, as pitfalls predominate, especially on January 30 and 31. Routine tasks prove best this week.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Good fortune and progress are possible now, but be cautious over romance, home, and clothes. January 28, 29 (early), and 31 (late) fair. February 1 excellent; 2 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) good.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): The present week is somewhat unpredictable, but plan ahead for better



times. Meanwhile January 28 and 29 poor; 30 very poor. February 1 excellent; 3 and 4 helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Caution is strongly advised now, as frustration, delays, and opposition are likely. Jan. 29 (late), 30, and 31 all adverse; Feb. 1 deceptively helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Uneventful days, so keep to routine for best results. Jan. 29 (noon to dusk) fair, 30 adverse, 31 (late) to Feb. 2 (late) poor, Feb. 3 and 4 fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Keep busy, for good fortune counts your way on Feb. 1, but guard against relaxation. Jan. 31 (late) good, Feb. 2 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) helpful; 3 and 4 continuing.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Live wisely and patiently now, and avoid quarrels and upsets, especially on Jan. 29 (late), 30, and 31. Feb. 1 deceptively, 2 lucky; 3 (late) and 4 fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Jan. 28, 29 (to noon), and Feb. 4 (near dusk) all fair, but from Jan. 30 to Feb. 3 (late) can be very confusing and deceptive, so be wary.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Routine tasks are advised this week. Jan. 28, 29 (early), and 30 quieting, and beware quarrels and danger on 31. Feb. 3 and 4 also poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Work hard and plan confidently now, for progress and gains come your way. Jan. 28 and 31 (late) good; Feb. 1 excellent; 2 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) very helpful.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Keep to routine tasks this week, but plan for better times to come. Jan. 31 to Feb. 2 (late) poor, but Feb. 3 and 4 (near dusk) both fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden, astrologer, is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-4 (1-4 expire March 2).
SUGAR: 5-14.
BUTTER: 4-4 (expire Feb. 2).
MEAT: Bisk, 6-14 (expire Feb. 2);
Crown, 9-13 (expire Feb. 2).
CLOTHING: 22-112 (expire June 30, 1947). 1-50 current.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1947



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are staying in New Mexico on a ranch owned by beautiful **DONNA:** Whose life Mandrake has twice saved since she inherited the ranch, which is said to be haunted by a two-headed monster. **HARKER:** A tough cattleman, and his offside **STEVE:** Were her would-be murderers, and they

try also to kill Mandrake. When these designs fail, they resort to other means of getting the ranch, which Donna has refused to sell. Donna and Lothar are out on the lonely range when suddenly the hideous, terrifying monster appears, and they race back to Mandrake. Donna declaring she will never come near the ranch again. **NOW READ ON:**



ON THE HAUNTED RANGE, THE "TWO-HEADED MONSTER" MAKES A SECOND APPEARANCE....



WANTED AIR HOSTESS...
Applicants must be 22-27 years, between 5' 3" and 5' 6" and not over 8 stone 7 lbs. Apply to the

AIR HOSTESS — THAT'S FOR ME! I'LL MEET LOTS OF PEOPLE... NEW FRIENDS... IT'LL BE HEAVEN AFTER THIS LONELY LIFE!

MY INTERVIEW NEXT! I WANTED TO LOOK SO NICE TOO BUT THIS HEAT'S MADE ME WILT!

GOOD LUCK ANYWAY. WE'LL HAVE COFFEE AFTERWARDS AND SWAP NOTES

HE SAID HE'D GET IN TOUCH WITH ME — THAT MEANS NEVER! DID HE STALL YOU TOO?

NO... AS A MATTER OF FACT... I'M IN!

I'M ALWAYS UNLUCKY! I MISS OUT EVERY TIME!

I FIND IT PAYS FOR A GIRL TO BE EXTRA CAREFUL ABOUT PERSONAL FRESHNESS, MY DEAR

COULD SHE HAVE BEEN HINTING ABOUT "B.O." ANYWAY NO SENSE IN TAKING CHANCES WHEN LIFEBOUY IS SO REFRESHING

The hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy

ON HOT SUMMER DAYS YOU PERSPIRE MORE FREELY. THAT'S WHY YOU NEED LIFEBOUY MORE THAN EVER. WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT, LIFEBOUY GIVES LASTING AND ALL-OVER PROTECTION FROM "B.O."

"B.O." GONE, MARY TRIES AGAIN...

CONGRATULATIONS AIR HOSTESS! THE PILOTS THRILLED WITH YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

THINKS: AT LAST A NEW LIFE FOR ME. I OWE SO MUCH TO LIFEBOUY

LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



In the audition room downstairs two songwriters are listening to their latest number.

Lyric Writer: "It's a hit!"
Music Writer: "Sure."
Lyric Writer: "Thank Heaven!"
Music Writer: "Thank Beethoven."

This week I wanted to tell you all the good things about Lifebuoy's new radio show, but 'fraid it's still on the "hush-hush" file. However, keep watching...

Latest lip slip. Announcer: "I just can't face up to Television."

Just been to see one of the new post-war washing machines. Saw it wash the clothes, rinse 'em, damp-dry 'em, drain the water, then dry itself — Boy, if it could only cook, I'd marry it to-day!

Success to "The Three Discords" discovered on Australia's Amateur Hour a while back. After stopping plenty of applause at the Nightclub Roosevelt, Sydney, these boys, a sweet-singing team, have now signed a contract with Tivoli Theatres.

My kid-sister tells me the girls at the jam factory really got a fright this week when someone said Frankie Sinatra was in a plane-crash. It was alright though. He had a parachute. Only trouble was they couldn't find him for a while. Seems the parachute went up instead of down.

Did you hear about the dear soul who found out that RINSO was swell for washing crystal. Well, what about it? Ask Crystal.

Bouquets keep comin' for DICK (can - you - sing - dance - laugh - smile - can - you - tap - your feet - say - poetry - play - the - jews - harp - or - talk - like - Donald - Duck) FAIR and his top-popular Australia's Amateur Hour. Talking of such, I chanced to tune-in on Dick interviewing an artist 'tother night of Thursday. Went this how...

DICK FAIR: "Hello to our next artist."
ARTIST: "Joe Smith."
DICK: "And your name, sir?"
ARTIST: "I drive a milk cart."
DICK: "Tell the listening audience your occupation, Mr. Smith."
ARTIST: "Married. Two kids. Boy 'n girl."
DICK: "Married or single, Mr. Smith?"
ARTIST: "I'm going to play the guitar."
DICK: "And what is your act?"
ARTIST: "No, Mr. Fair, I'm not nervous."

To the blonde who sent me her picture... "Baby, if those are real diamonds you're wearing then sure I'll marry you."

THE LEVER NEWSHOUND

[ADVERTISEMENT]

You'll have to go for help—
we're down to our last packet of RINSO!

Wash-day S.O.S.
RINSO'S
THICKER RICHER SUDS
to save all rubbing!

I COULD SING FOR JOY NOW I USE RINSO'S RICHER SUDS INSTEAD OF RUBBING CLOTHES WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS

AND LISTEN, GIRLS! NO RUBBING MEANS CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER. RINSO SAVES WORK AND TIME APLENTY

YOU'LL WANT TO DANCE WHEN YOU SEE YOUR WHITES SO SPARKLING... COLOURED BRIGHT AS FLOWERS.... TRY RINSO FOR SPEEDIER WASHING-UP AS WELL

Rinso
GIVES THICKER RICHER SUDS

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Songbird From The Steppes

Continued from page 3

see my way clear which way to turn. The doctor tells me she's homesick. And if we want a snap her out of it, it looks like we got to send her back to Grinsky."

"Well," said George, "I always told you Lisenka was a big mistake; you can't make a prima donna out of a pig in poke. Of course," he added maliciously, "you might just send the whole company along with her to Russia, and make the picture over there."

Joel slapped the desk. "George," he cried, "I think you're on the traces of an idea! Quiet now, everybody, while I unravel this thing." He pondered tensely for several moments, and then smacked the desk again. "We don't hafta send our little Jeanie Lind back home to Grinsky, after all!" he declared.

"We're gonna bring Grinsky to her!"

In three days the Russian village was ready. It was located on Lot Two, which had a wheatfield left over from "Mother Earth," and Construction had done a marvellous job on the Soviet dwellings. But it was almost a week before the population could be assembled. Although Casting had plenty of peasant types available, there were few who could speak Russian, and even fewer who knew how to conduct themselves convincingly around a wheatfield.

The difficulty was solved by applying to the Department of Labor for lists of recently naturalized farm workers of Russian birth, and then rounding up those who were willing to come to Hollywood for what amounted to a vacation with pay.

It was, as Joel said, a lot of trouble, but it was worth it. After a single morning's romp with a scythe, Lisenka sang in bell-like tones more golden and glorious than ever; and she was shining with perspiration and happiness when she strolled back from the fields, arm-



"I missed the boat—completely."

in-arm with her new-found compatriots.

It was fortunate that the production schedule had been arranged so that all scenes in which Lisenka appeared could be shot in twenty-two days. By that time the wheatfield had been worn down to a nub, and all the agricultural possibilities were thoroughly exhausted.

Came finally the great day when the last shot was in the can, and Joel, with a sigh of relief, gave orders to take down the village and pay off the populace.

He departed forthwith for Arrowhead Springs and a much-needed nervous breakdown. Not until the night of the sneak-preview did he return to Hollywood; and not until the picture had been run off-to-wild cheers and prolonged applause—did it occur to him to wonder what had become of the star. Lisenka was a star, no doubt of that.

Unfortunately, a star had been born only to vanish. Lisenka had disappeared.

The hunt that went on was the most thorough that money could buy, and continued for several days, yet all the while the clue to the star's disappearance lay unheeded on Joel's desk. It was a scrawled letter, mailed from a small town in the Imperial Valley:

Dear Mister Anna & I were married last Mon. & hope it's o.k. if she quits & will you please send her pay owing c/o General Delivery. Yrs truly, Efim Shebelko.

It was George, willing away an idle hour by running through Joel's correspondence, who took it upon himself to investigate this communication; who checked with the cashier's office and discovered that Efim Shebelko had been one of the farm workers inhabiting the diva's village; and who ascertained that a licence to wed had been issued to Efim Shebelko, 32, bachelor, and Anna Lisenka, 35, spinster.

It was George who broke the news to an incredulous Joel, and it was George who was despatched to bring M-K-G's unique personality to her senses.

"I just plain fail to grasp her attitude," said Joel. He picked up Mr. Shebelko's letter and studied it critically. "Can you tell me why any dame in her right mind would pass up a chance to be a picture star and run off with a farm boy?" He shook his head. "And after all we've done for her. Why, I've been like a father to that girl! . . . Funny thing, though," he reflected, folding the letter, "I never knew all now her name was Anna."

George returned to report that Lisenka wanted no part of Hollywood, and that neither wild horses nor lawyers could drag her back.

"As near as I could make out," said George, "she didn't care for the life here. They're using the money she got for being in 'The Life of Liza' to buy a wheat farm."

"I suppose she's fat again," sighed Joel.

"No," said George, "she looks fine. If you'd only handed her a hoe when she first came here, she'd have reduced herself."

"Huh!" said Joel.

"Anyone who's been used all her life to hard physical labor is bound to put on weight when she stops working suddenly and—"

"I don't want hear any more," said Joel violently.

"George," said Lefko with a wistful air, "does she sing?"

"From morning till night," said George.

(Copyright)

JOEL turned to his secretary. "Call up Personnel," he said, "and say I want to get hold of the quickest English teacher in town."

"She'll have to shed a couple tons before she can get by in front of a camera," warned Ace.

"She can wear a hoop skirt," Joel said. "Besides, you won't know her in a month. I'm gonna turn her over to Emmett."

Emmett of Hollywood was more than a mere reducing expert; he was credited with creating many of the anatomical splendors of the Hollywood eye-line. His methods were drastic, his fees exorbitant, his personality odious.

Now, aware that he had tackled the biggest demolition job of his career, Emmett was resolved to leave no corpse unturned. He prescribed treatments of such severity that if Lisenka had not been hardened by twenty years of calisthenics with a plough, it is probable that M-K-G would have had the expense of burying her.

However, when thirty days dwindled away, and Lisenka did not, Emmett began to suspect that the diva was cheating on the diet he had outlined, a suspicion which was confirmed when he hauled her, unexpectedly to his torture chamber, and found that she had regained three of the pounds he had wrenched off but an hour before.

"Vun leetle hamsan-veech!" seemed an inadequate explanation, and Emmett insisted that she be taken off the Honor System.

According to Lefko, who was summoned to lecture her on the importance of co-operating with Emmett, Lisenka had no idea she was supposed to be reducing. The sessions at his salon were just part of the whole bewildering daily whirl.

No one had bothered to explain to her what any of it was all about.

When she learned that her figure needed "styling," Lisenka expressed great surprise. Back home in

Grinsky, she told Lefko, she had been considered just right. Maybe she had put on a little weight since she left the Ukraine; she hadn't really noticed. Although she promised to be a better girl, Lisenka kept her fingers crossed. Docile in all else, she balked at dieting.

Consequently, when a second month had passed without visible results, Joel was again forced to postpone production. On hearing this news, the front-office boys tore their hair out by the handful, reminding him that overhead was mounting, that he was tying up two stars, and that he had upset the whole studio shooting schedule.

Joel defied them all.

"I saw I.W. personally," he told George, "and I looked him right in the eye. I.W. I says, I guess I don't have to remind you who the fella was that went down to the dog pound and outta all them pooches picked the little mutt that wagged his way into twenty million hearts."

He smiled knowingly. "The point I'm getting at, I.W. I says, is that in the film industry you never know when lightning is gonna strike the same fella twice. That's my position on our little Jeanie Lind."

Emmett, meanwhile, kept ruthlessly after Lisenka. Handicapped by her ignorance of English, which rendered her immune to the insulting badinage which was Emmett's specialty, he conceived the idea, at last, of mastering a dozen or so of the more scathing Russian epithets. This proved the turning point. Being abused in her own tongue, out of the blue and for no good reason, utterly demoralized her.

Her chaperon reported that she cried all the way home. From then on, Emmett really made progress.

It was on a morning in February that Joel summoned his staff to the projection-room to see the first rushes of Lisenka in action. During the last worrying weeks he had lost

more weight than she had, but it appeared that his faith—the faith that moves mountains—had finally been rewarded. The efforts of Emmett, of the make-up artist, the hairdresser, the costume designer, the lighting expert, and the cameraman, had not been in vain.

Lisenka would never be slim, but she was shapely.

But Joel's hour of triumph was brief. Almost at once, fate let fly with her Sunday punch: Lisenka lost her voice.

In the literal sense, it did not actually disappear, for she remained able to sing with technical accuracy and even brilliance. But the magic was gone; it was a voice without a heart, lifeless, colorless, and cold.

The change in Lisenka's voice was reflected in her manner; she, too, seemed lacking in all the bounce and lively interest which she had manifested on her arrival.

Expert opinion was sought far and wide, and a pack of specialists went over the apathetic prima donna with everything from stethoscopes to tuning forks. But it remained for a countryman of Lisenka's, the eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Grigori Vorkapofkin, to diagnose her trouble. The report to Joel was so disheartening that the harassed executive cancelled everything and called a conference of his co-workers.

"They finally found out what's making our little Jeanie Lind so low in her mind," he announced grimly. "She's got the acute melancholia. Otherwise—the blues."

"Is that all?" said Ace. "Why, that's nothing much!"

"In Russians," said Lefko, "is plenty."

"Well, we'll shoot around her till she cheers up," said Ace.

"Sometimes they don't cheer up for months," stated Joel. "Frankly, boys, I'm in such a dilemma I can't

The Visitor

Continued from page 4

They started on again and ran into Mrs. Dillington before they'd gone half a block. Hap took a firm grip on Joyce's elbow, and started past Mrs. Dillington with a bright smile and a brisk step.

Mrs. Dillington called after them determinedly. "I'm going to give a party for you, Hap—"

"Great," Hap answered, waving a long arm at her.

He muttered rebelliously at Joyce. "I won't go to a party and have her Women's Auxiliary drool all over me."

"Try and get out of it," said Joyce.

When they got back to the house Hap did a little relieved swearing, dug two new flower beds, and tied up the tomato plants. Joyce discreetly left him alone to work off his tour through the town.

After a while she took him out a cold drink.

"You'll appreciate this, I'm sure," she said, handing him the glass.

That was all right, that was good. But as the day went on Joyce felt a strain building inside her. It was a strain not to talk about what they were really thinking and feeling. Hap was home, but he was a visiting husband. The deep current of feeling that always ran between them was hidden.

She told herself that this was the first day, it would be easier to-morrow. But when to-morrow came nothing was easier.

She locked herself into a routine, keeping house, talking to friends who came in.

But she and Hap didn't have anything real to do, because it was no use starting anything, any real pattern of living, for just a few days. The strain tightened in Joyce, slowly, and she could see a tension in Hap, too.

They had tried to keep from making arrangements with people, but they couldn't stay free entirely. Then Mrs. Dillington carried out her threat and gave a farewell party for Hap. There were only two days left, and Joyce begrudged giving up an evening. But Mrs. Dillington had started inviting people before Joyce could stop her.

Hap swore when he heard about it, but he went along with as much grace as he could muster. Mrs. Dillington had a wide hall that opened into a side living-room. The first thing Hap saw were the bowls of red, white, and blue flowers.

"Don't look now," he told Joyce, "but I think there's a large flag behind us."

"It won't bite you," Joyce muttered.

Mrs. Dillington welcomed them, Hap with fervor, and Joyce with modified terror. Her husband shook hands more formally.

People surged out from the living-room, pressing about them. "Here he is! Hello, Hap Hazard."

The throng grew, and even as Joyce greeted the familiar faces they all began to swirl in a circling pack of curious eyes. Strange that people she knew so well all seemed outsiders now, all trying to get some excitement from contact with Hap.

Hap stood sweating it out against the wall, with a polite smile that didn't touch his eyes. He was the only man in town who had been decorated and was with the Occupation Army, Joyce told herself. To these people, he was the war. But the things they were saying to Hap—everything they said—had a false, empty sound to her, like lines on a greeting card.

"One of our gallant defenders—" "You'll win yourself even more fame and glory, Hap—"

"I'm fed-up with glory," Hap said in a savage whisper to Hal Barnes. Hal said in an odd tone, "Look at their faces, Hap. It sounds silly, but look at their faces."

Joyce looked, too. The faces that pressed in on them deadened, and as she looked, tightness caught her throat. They were all staring at Hap as if he were different from them, as if he were better, or bigger, or someone on beyond them. They looked as if they needed something from him.

"We couldn't all go," someone was saying. "You went, you're going again for all of us, Hap."

Hal said, "I only wish I was going with you!"

And Hap was saying with a new quietness in his tone, "It's a job of work. But I know what you mean."

DURING the rest of the evening Joyce listened carefully to what people were trying to say. She had been locked in with her own disappointment and bitterness all these days. Now she was suddenly ashamed . . .

People began to leave, at last, and when she and Hap could go they moved towards the front door together. Mrs. Dillington said good night to Joyce, and then she caught Hap's hands. "We'll think of you keeping the flag flying," she said. "It's so wonderful of you, Hap—"

Outside the house, Joyce's control snapped. "It's wonderful you're going they say. It's not wonderful. It's—"

"It's terrible," Hap said.

And suddenly they were holding tightly to each other, there in the dark on the Dillingtons' front lawn, saying the things they hadn't said before.

They tore away all the careful surface they had built, and they went on to scrape the bottom of their misery. And yet, when they walked on, at last, they were no longer sad.

"It's funny, I'm feeling better," Hap told her. "Those people did something to me. I'd frozen on to the controls, and they knocked me loose." He held her hand tightly as they walked along. "We were stupid. It's no good trying to kid ourselves, Joyce."

"I'd rather be crazy glad you're here—" she said chokingly.

"And crazy sick when I go—" said Hap.

"Yes. It's honest. It's something to hang on to when you're going."

Hap said, "We're lucky. The way we feel, we'll last through any separation. You need a big kind of love, to get through that."

"We're lucky," Joyce repeated after him. And this would stay, when he was gone.

They turned in their own gate, and the time that was left was more shiningly important than all the rest of the leave, because they would use it all.

"You're here," she said with deep content.

"We're here," said Hap.

(Copyright)



COUNTRY WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Davidson leaving St. John's Church of England, Young, after their marriage. Bride formerly Antilla Browne, eldest daughter of Mr. Maurice Browne, Uplands, Young, and late Mrs. Browne. Jim is eldest son of the Frank Davidsons, of Yerran, Young. Bridesmaids Diana Davidson, Joan Browne in background.



TO MARRY this Thursday, Sandy McDowall, of Tummurambi, Gore, Queensland, and fiancée, Mrs. Betty Macpherson, widow of Flight-Lieut. A. Roy Macpherson, of "Banandra," Narrandera, and daughter of the Henry Roses, Cremorne.



BUFFET COCKTAIL PARTY opens Super American Market at Buckingham's, Oxford Street. Joan Wilson (left), Mrs. Marian Best chat to Mr. Bill Buckingham at party.

Intimate Gossipings

ELEVEN-PAGE letter packed with news received by Mrs. H. A. Boys from her daughter Betty, who is with UNRRA in China, telling her about a trip she has made to Nanking and a visit to the Sun Yat Sen Memorial.

Betty sent a gift of some precious Jasmine Green Tea. "Don't use milk or sugar with it—it's rare enough on its own," says Betty to her mother in her letter. "If you don't like it, put it away for the people who especially do, or save it for me when I get home, for I can never drink black tea again after green tea," she adds.

Betty has also been dining at the famous and exclusive Mandarin Club and in the Japanese quarter at Hongkew to eat Suki-Yaki—Japanese food. She writes that she prefers the Chinese menu, which consists of chow mein, sweet and sour pork, fried rice, etc.

VISITING Forster and spending a holiday with her fiancé's people is Elizabeth Morshead, only daughter of Lieut-General Sir Leslie Morshead, who has just announced her engagement to Michael Kidd, only son of the James Kidds, of Echo Hills, Kootingal, near Tamworth. Elizabeth is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring set in platinum with diamond shoulders.

HOPING to make future home in Sydney, Leslie Kenney and his bride, formerly Betty Mace, spend honeymoon at Kiama. Couple were married recently at St. Mary's.

FIRST trip home since before the war for Mrs. Muriel Mackay, formerly of Boone, who breaks her journey at New Delhi, India, to stay with her sister and brother-in-law, Lady Mackay and Sir Iven Mackay. Mrs. Mackay did a wonderful war job in London through the blitz.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Vauchuse, chosen by "Bobby" Poole, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Poole, of Vauchuse, for her marriage with Geoffrey Batchelor, of Rose Bay. "Bobby" and Geoff met during war days.



SNAPPED at granddaughter's christening. Major-General and Mrs. R. E. Jackson at christening at St. Mark's, Darling Point, of their granddaughter, Elizabeth Honor, daughter of Major and Mrs. David Jackson.



NEWCASTLE INTEREST. Brian Dobson, of Newcastle, and his bride, formerly Nan Hammond, only daughter of the C. A. Hammonds, of Newcastle, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants Dick Vance and Anne Nickson. Couple plan future home on farm at Dural.



YOUNG country bride and bridegroom. Claude West Hubbard, of Euchareena, near Orange, and his bride, formerly Helen Ross, elder daughter of the Neil Ross, of Stonehaven, Hobbrook, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, with John Lettich (left), Jean Ross, Sandy Ross, Heather Ross, Bob West, and Margot Hubbard.



DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Robert Dey and his bride, formerly Joan Mills, of Tottenham, New South Wales, leave Shore Chapel for reception at Windsor Gardens, Chatswood. Bridegroom is second son of Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay Dey, of North Sydney.

COUNTRY interest when Isabelle McMullin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. McMullin, of Broonlee, Jerry's Plains, plans wedding with Geoffrey Simpson, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Simpson, of "Delmar," Jerry's Plains. Ceremony will take place at All Saints' Church of England, Singleton, on February 1. Bride's cousin, Marion McMullin, of Strathmore, Ronchel Brook, will be bridesmaid, and Roslyn Simpson will be flower-girl. Mr. A. J. Sheppard will be best man.

HEAR friends of the Noel Heaths in London have already seen a film record of the marriage in Sydney of Noel's daughter Virginia to Major Michael Hawkins, A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester. The films were shown at a party given in the Heaths' lovely Grosvenor Square home. Virginia will travel to England with the Duchess of Gloucester.

GIFT of her bridegroom, a string of pearls, worn by Barbara Langford with her all-white wedding ensemble for marriage with Ken Alexander at St. Andrew's Church, Roseville. Barbara is second daughter of Mrs. H. L. Langford, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Langford. Her sister, Mrs. Neville Wenden, is matron of honor, and Ken's brother, Roy Alexander, best man. Couple honeymoon in Melbourne.

RUTH CALDWELL, who represented New South Wales in Victory March in London, attended fellow ex-Waaf Kathleen Cade when she married John Russell at Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley. John Spence was best man, and Kathleen's brother Lawrence gave her away.

SPORTING the most super suntan. Judy Kerr calls in to tell me she announces engagement to Norman Alexander. Judy, who is daughter of the Two Kerrs, of Mooman, is holidaying at Avalon when engagement is announced, but comes to town for celebration dinner with fiancé Norman. Dr. and Mrs. Dick Hodgkinson, of Orange, and Judy's brother Russell and his wife at Romano's. Couple will have engagement party when Judy returns to town this week.

GREAT excitement in the MacFarlane clan when Hazel, wife of Hector MacFarlane, of Milly Milly, Young, has baby son. Hazel's sister-in-law, Mrs. John Lord, arrives from England to stay with her father, Mr. D. H. MacFarlane, Toompang, Young, so her arrival is timed to see her young nephew, Hazel and Hector have three young daughters, Julia, Sally, and Christine.

Joyce

WE met a friend of ours hurrying home to his flat the other night during the meat strike. He had a large paper bag in his hand and a rather feverish look in his eyes.

Inside the parcel was a collection of meaty bones which an office colleague had kindly saved up for his dog.

"I can't see why the dog should have them," he said to us hungrily. "I haven't tasted any meat myself for days."

Shooting crocs.

WE had a letter in our mail this week from Mrs. N. Glumo, who lives in Cooktown, North Queensland. It is a calm document about an exciting subject—namely crocodile shooting.

She and her husband are most ardent hunters of crocodiles, both fresh and saltwater, and apparently when you know how it's quite easy.

Mrs. Glumo says, "In the first place, one has to be very fit, for even to live in this sparsely inhabited country is a strain, as it is so hot. To put in fourteen hours a day hunting and skinning crocodiles is no easy job."

"My first day was very exciting, for we found a waterhole teeming with crocs. I did the spotting, and by lunchtime my husband had shot twenty and we decided it was time to holt the billy."

"When you sit on the bank waiting for the crocs, to float up you have to be absolutely silent, and suddenly you see a long snout appear on the surface followed by two little eyes that look like two walnuts."

"As long as the crocodile doesn't hear a sound, he will gain confidence and his tail shows above water. Then you shoot."

A day of crocodile shooting is followed, according to Mrs. Glumo, by the long and unpleasant job of skinning the crocs, and then pegging out the skins to dry. The ants eat any meat left on them.

Letter from Japan

WE were impressed by the military efficiency with which Sergeant Owen Pike, of Griffith, N.S.W., handles his personal mail.

Sergeant Pike is a member of the 20th Australian Field Ambulance in Japan.

Circular letters aren't a novelty, but they aren't often roneoed and set out on such neat sheets of foolscap as Sergeant Pike's.

They're very thorough in their news from Japan, covering everything from a trip to Tokio, side-lights on the Japanese people, bright anecdotes, and a visit to the court where the Japanese war trials were being held.

The letter we saw was the Christmas and New Year one he sent to a Sydney friend and bore a hand-painted design of a Japanese temple, with the words, "Best wishes for Xmas and the New Year" in traditional Japanese lettering.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"When I see this done at the circus it always gives me the shivers."

WORTH Reporting

Gloves off

WE think we must be the timid type.

We recently approached the glove counter of a Sydney shop, full of confidence and the resolution to buy three pairs of gloves in one fell swoop.

Waiting to attract the roving attention of the sales-lady, our innocent eye fell on a small paste-board notice tacked to the counter. It read:

"We regret that we cannot accept any responsibility for the spitting of skin gloves."

Somewhat chastened, we concluded that skin gloves weren't for us.

Next, our unhappy attention fell on a second notice. This informed the buying public that "Dark gloves are purchased at the customer's own risk."

Considerably wilted, but fighting

Animal Antics



"And I understand that he paints his toenails and uses perfumed flea powder."

still, we moved closer to the counter, and found the third—and, to us, last—notice pasted beneath its surface: "No responsibility can be accepted for dooskin gloves."

Utterly crushed, we stumbled away, clutching our poor little white fabric pair in listless hands.

Fairy story

THIS story, which is the current housing shortage anecdote in Melbourne, sounded like something out of Hans Andersen to us.

A young couple faced with the problem of finding a house saw just the one they wanted one day while they were driving in the country.

It seemed to be a deserted house, at least the hedges and lawn obviously had not been cut for years, so they went into the garden and peered into the windows.

To their confusion there was an occupant, a dear old lady who explained that the reason why the house looked deserted was that she could not get help in the garden, so it had become quite neglected.

The young couple, feeling rather conscience-stricken at having disturbed the old lady's privacy, insisted on giving up a day to mowing the lawn and clipping the hedge.

The incident seemed closed—until about six months later when the young couple heard from the old lady's son that she had died and that they could have the house.

The moral seems to be that good deeds are sometimes rewarded and there is more than one way of getting a house.

BURGLAR'S SONG

Higher education standards have made modern burglars more efficient, says Mr. Emory Chubb, noted safe manufacturer.

"STICK to your lessons," said Burglar Bill,

As he taught his pupils to rifle a till.

"Your physics and chemistry won't go astray

"When you set about cracking a safe some day;

"Psychology's handy to rising thugs

"When gauging reactions of promising mugs;

"Though you need lots of practice to have what it takes

"First study your theory for all our Sykes."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Tribute to President

THE Prime Minister of England (Mr. Attlee) has inaugurated an appeal for funds for a memorial to President Roosevelt.

The memorial is to be placed in Grosvenor Square, which, during the war, was the centre of all American activities.

The Londoners used to joke about it and call it Eisenhower Platz, and even now there are more American uniforms to be seen there than in any other part of London.

The whole character of the square is going to be changed, the hedges stripped away, and broad paths laid out to lead up to the memorial.

Beach sports

THE locals at Terrigal Beach, N.S.W., turned out to watch the city visitors compete in a programme of beach sports and surfing during the holidays.

All the competitors were women and they did very nicely.

The competition was staged between the guests at the four boarding-houses, Strathaven, Kurrawabs, Loch Lomond, and Astill Holme.

Strathaven girls won the blue ribbon event, the march past, for which they were trained by two Cronulla life-savers, Bill Webb and Maurice Shaw, and Hec Scott, of Newcastle.

Before the war this inter-boarding-house competition was a regular event for visitors, and this year saw its resumption.

They certainly take it seriously, because the prize for next year will be a shield, which will hang proudly in the front parlor of the winning guest house.

Fresh as Paint!
Her last year's undies still
have that NEW look...
that Lux look!



Lux care keeps undies lovely 3 times as long!

Pretty undies cost a pretty penny. So Lux them every night. It's left-in perspiration that ruins delicate fabrics and fades colours. But a regular nightly Lux dip gently whisks it away, keeps that lovely new look in your undies—that LUX LOOK. Tests prove that with Lux, undies stay lovely 3 times as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.



WHILE we were queuing up for cigarettes the other day in Melbourne, a visitor told us of a very ingenious idea to stop unnecessary queues in England. He said that on the door of a shoe shop, neatly printed, hung a notice which said, "The first three people in the queue will not be served."

A LITTLE GIRL STARTS WORK IN A BIG DEPARTMENT



EMPLOYMENT OFFICER interviews Joan, having first studied confidential application form filled in by all seeking job. He approves of speech, demeanor, qualifications.



STAFF SERVICE OFFICER may be consulted by all employees on matters affecting their lives inside or outside store. She advises on every sort of problem, seeks accommodation.



STAFF CAFETERIA provides quick inexpensive meals. Staff have 45 minutes for lunch, 15 minutes for morning and afternoon tea. Working in different departments, Joan and her friend Shirley try to meet. Sometimes they take a cut-lunch to Hyde Park.



ARRIVING for work at staff door on first day, Joan wears pink linen dress that she made herself, no hat, carries gloves; will change in locker room. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.



SHOPPING within the store is a thrill to new employees like Joan, who get house discount on purchases. Staff may shop any time with section-head's approval. Joan buys powder in medium-price range.



WITH OTHER NEW staff school. Staff school generally affecting employ

Thousands of new employees her first day

Many thousands of new employees left school at that time and their first grown-ups.

BECAUSE she had the typical of all the new employees who are by the "Miss" for the first time have recently collected their first pay envelope. 15-year-old Joan, who lives at Cook Road, Central Sydney, as the main picture-story of starting a job.

Joan started the new year as an employee of David's department store, Sydney. Both



A DAVID'S Employee who is



STAFF age group room, staff

MENT STORE



NEW STAFF, Joan attends series of lectures at... rules of house, and all matters... employees are carefully explained to them.

fresh from school share the drama of first week in a job

sons of 14, 15, and 16-year-olds who... of last year are now settling into... jobs.

...ed to us... the ten-... beg called... routine and... liked their... chose... hands, of... Central Park... for our... starting-... as an... depart-... both her

mother and aunt had worked there, too.

Because she can type, learnt general book-keeping and business principles at school Joan went into ledgers.

To start with, she is helping the section-head's assistant prepare account-customers' statements for typing.

Joan likes it.

But later (Joan's father is a designer of women's clothes) Joan hopes to work her way up to either designing or a fashion-drawing job in the advertising department.



HOSPITAL CHECK on all staff is made by store... too, may consult permanent matron, who is in charge of modern staff hospital.



CLUB, membership 7/6 a year for Joan's... has Saturday night dances, dining... showers, ironing facilities, and games.



CHECKING IN at parcel dock, Joan leaves suitcase, is given numbered ticket. Staff may take only handbag to department, collecting personal property from dock when going home.

She is sitting for an entrance exam. to a Technical College soon, and if she passes will go to art classes at night.

Joan is popular in her section of ledgers, and the girls were genuinely pleased when she was chosen to be our model.

An only child, she likes the feel of being one of 8000 employees, has made lots of new friends already.

Joan had only been with the firm a week when we took the photographs, but had assimilated the store rules and atmosphere so well that she was able to lead us from place to place, explaining store rules, benefits and facilities as she went.

Joan is adaptable, not unduly self-conscious, and determined to make good. We took a gamble on all those things when we selected her to work with. We spent a day and a half getting the photographs.

At first she was visibly overawed and nervous. Getting photographed in the past had meant to Joan school groups, family snapshots, and childhood visits to the photographer.

Flash bulbs, curious onlookers, and the trailing flexes that accompany a newspaper photographer on the job were something new.

She came out with flying colors, was 100 per cent. co-operative, and half-way through the first day had lost her nervousness and was enjoying the novelty of it all.

Joan's best friend, Shirley Jeffree, is working in the store with her, but in another part of the office. Joan was so thrilled after her first interview that she persuaded Shirley to apply for a job at David Jones', too.

Shirley does her hair the same way as Joan, but is a more sophisticated type. Both keep up a long-standing schoolgirl date, and go to the pictures together every Saturday afternoon.

Joan's favorite actor is Gregory Peck; favorite actress, Maureen O'Hara.

Until the end of last year, when she sat for her Intermediate exam, Joan went to Paddington Central Home Science School.

For the last six months before she left she practised wearing her long hair in the new grown-up way with looped plaits and a little bow in the front. Like all 15-year-olds she uses a lot of bobby-pins.

Joan got good marks for history and art, liked dressmaking. She played tennis on the school courts, but isn't really the athletic type.

She likes non-competitive sport, though, and surfs in the summer. Last winter she went ice-skating with a girl-friend, and will save up so that she can have some lessons when the new season starts.

Joan wears medium-heeled shoes, is using lipstick for the first time. She wears powder, too, but no rouge. She has never been called Miss Francis before.



DESIGNING or job in advertising department is Joan's ambition. She hopes soon to go to art classes at night. Meanwhile she practises drawing at home after work.



LEDGERS, where Joan works, prepares account-customers' statements. Joan assists Mary (right) to prepare work for section-head. Because she can type and had studied general book-keeping and business principles at Paddington Central Home Science School, Joan was selected by employment officer for work in ledgers. Joan left school last year.

Gardener finds quick way to heal

CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener in our family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself! And, like most gardeners, I consider cuts and scratches all in the day's work.



Last week I caught my hand on a blade in the greenhouse. It gave you some Rexona for that right away," my neighbor said. "You don't want any complications."



You've no idea how quickly I healed! Now Rexona has a permanent place in our medicine cupboard. With my two arms always in the wars, I find Rexona a real blessing.



See how soon Rexona gets into the cut—and also in a couple of scratches. It's collected white clippings the whole day. I felt its soothing effect immediately.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT

A JAR (City & Suburbs)
Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

WELL, my letters

didn't take long. Both Carol and I are short on relatives. I have only an uncle I haven't seen for years, and Carol a sister. So I had only three letters of any urgency—to my uncle, to the apartment agent, enclosing my keys, and to my literary agent.

Then I went up to the studio-attic. Carol was posed under the bright sunlight, and Rowland had already sketched in the general detail of head and shoulders.

But even in the studio one could not escape the man's passion for music. He had a portable phonograph up there, and he worked to an almost constant stream of music—mostly Rachmaninoff.

Later in the afternoon, while Rowland was getting his car out for the trip to Eastredge, Carol dashed off a hasty little note to her sister, and I gave the four letters to Rowland for mailing.

While he was away we went for a stroll in Piper's Woods, but it was an unpleasant place, damp and gloomy, with a smell of mouldy decay about it. I had never seen such a profusion of fungous growths.

"Let's turn back," Carol said uneasily. "I don't like this place. It looks as if it'd broken out with some disease."

Rowland returned from Eastredge, the back of his car filled with groceries and provisions. Carol insisted on preparing dinner that night, and over the coffee and dessert we told Rowland of our brief excursion into Piper's Woods.

"I never saw such a crop of fungi," I commented. "There are probably a lot of fine mushrooms scattered around in there, if you knew which was which."

"Very likely," Rowland agreed, "but I wouldn't trust my own judgment. When I want mushrooms,

Continuing . . . Prelude to Murder

from page 5

I buy them in the market in town."

"You own Piper's Woods, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes," Rowland replied. "I bought it for privacy, but I never set foot in the place. It's damp and soggy—and depressing."

After dinner we had more Rachmaninoff as we sat round the hearth, talking, smoking, listening. Sitting there that night Spencer Rowland was the very soul of genial hospitality, and up to a certain moment I would have termed this one of the most quietly pleasant evenings in my life. But now I remember it as the night I discovered that Spencer Rowland was a deliberate liar.

The discovery came while Rowland was in the kitchen, fixing a tray of drinks. I had wandered over to the bookcase and was fingering idly through a row of books. Suddenly I came upon one with an inscription on the fly-leaf—an inscription that gave me a sharp and disquieting jolt.

I was still staring at the six simple words written across the page when I heard Rowland returning. I quickly slipped the book back into place and moved toward the hearth.

Next morning as soon as Carol and Rowland had gone up to the studio, I went into the living-room and took that telltale book from its shelf. I stood there with it, staring up at the portrait above the mantel.

Alice Rowland—in a simple white dress, her copper hair braided around a small, proud head; soft blue eyes, lips curved in a faint smile. Rowland had remarked once or twice on a certain resemblance between Carol and his wife, but I couldn't see it. Carol was more vivid, her hair and eyes deeper, richer in coloring.

Rowland had told us very little about his wife; and of that little, the most important single fact turned out to be a lie. But why—why had he lied to us about Alice Rowland's death?

Puzzling over the question, I wandered out into the garden, and then on into Piper's Woods. I finally came to a little path that zigzagged through ferny undergrowth, then ended at a bowl-like hollow about thirty feet wide. There was nothing in this hollow save a huge slab of grey rock surrounded by coarse grass dotted with small whitish objects.

At first glance they looked like toadstools; but when I looked more closely I saw that they were not fungi, but cigarette-stubs—stubs of Rowland's Russian cigarettes, with their hollow cardboard tips. Some were old and weathered, others quite fresh and new.

Rowland's words rang in my ears: "I never set foot in Piper's Woods." Why did he lie about such a trivial matter? Undoubtedly this hollow was one of his regular haunts, and why did he come here so often?

I couldn't work it out, but I was beginning to feel definitely on edge as I made my way back to the cottage. However, my apprehension ran into a dead end. I kept a watchful eye on Rowland; but never once, by word or deed, did he depart in the slightest from his role of beaming and generous host.

The days passed pleasantly in that charming cottage, with their genial sharing of good talk, good food, and good music. Carol continued to pose for Rowland, and every day Rowland made additional preparations for his departure.

Then as soon as the portrait was finished Rowland took down his wife's picture, and hung Carol's in its place above the high white mantel. He made a gay ceremony of the unveiling, opening a bottle of champagne in honor of the occasion.

Carol and I were both delighted with the portrait, and rightly so, for Rowland had turned out a canvas any artist would have been proud to sign.

"If you like it, Mrs. Chandler, I am well repaid," he said, smiling at Carol. "Portraits are a little out of my line. I leave them to the artists who have to paint for money."

"Now you're on Greg's favorite theme, Mr. Rowland," Carol laughed. "He's always saying that every artist should be born rich."

Rowland chuckled. "Well, I'm not exactly wealthy, but I have a little money of my own, and so I can afford to paint what I please. But I have been rather unfortunate in financial matters. I might have been a very rich man." He paused, twirling the tall-stemmed glass between his fingers.

"My wife came of quite wealthy people. If she had lived just a few days longer, she would have inherited a great deal of money from a favorite aunt, and to-day I might have been a man of great wealth."

He spoke casually, but to my mind, already sharpened by suspicion, it was a key turning swiftly in a lock. Suddenly I stared at Rowland, and my scalp prickled. For in a sudden flash of insight I caught my first faint glimpse of the peril lurking in this charming house. I was certain now that this smiling, friendly man was a murderer!

The rest of that evening is a confused blur in my memory. This plot that I saw in my mind's eye—did it actually exist in Spencer Rowland's brain, or was it a figment of my own imagination?

Half asleep, half awake, I kept a crazy sort of vigil through that night. But nothing happened. Then it was morning; and when Carol and I came into the kitchen, there was Rowland preparing breakfast.

Sober reason told me that no man ever looked less like a murderer.

It was past noon by the time Rowland had completed his final preparations for departure.

"I must run over to town and make a few telephone calls before I leave," he said. "I want to check my train time in the city, and arrange about storage for my car. I won't be long."

Puzzled and bewildered, I watched him climb into his dark blue sedan and drive off. Did my fears have any real basis of fact?

I noticed his leather driving-jacket hanging on a nail and took it down, intending to ask whether he wanted to store it, or take it with him. Then as I threw it across my arm, something fell out of one of the slanted pockets.

Some minutes later, I burst into the kitchen where Carol was preparing lunch.

"Look, Carol, we've got to get out of here—and fast!" I said. "We've walked into some kind of trap—a murder trap!"

"A trap?" she gasped. "Greg, are you crazy?"

"Look at this!" I cried. "Here are the letters we wrote—never mailed! I found them in Rowland's jacket."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 888W, G.P.O., Sydney.

It's not an oversight; he's opened them, and read them! Don't you see what it means, Carol? There isn't a single person anywhere who knows that you and I are here! We could be murdered in this house, and nobody would ever find it out!"

Carol gave a shaky little laugh. "Greg, what nonsense! Why on earth—"

"Listen, Carol," I said. "Rowland's after money—big money. Didn't you hear what he said last night? If his wife had only lived a few days longer, she'd have inherited a fortune? All right, suppose Rowland had murdered his wife, and buried her out in the woods. They lived alone here—nobody would know about it. Then comes word of this inheritance."

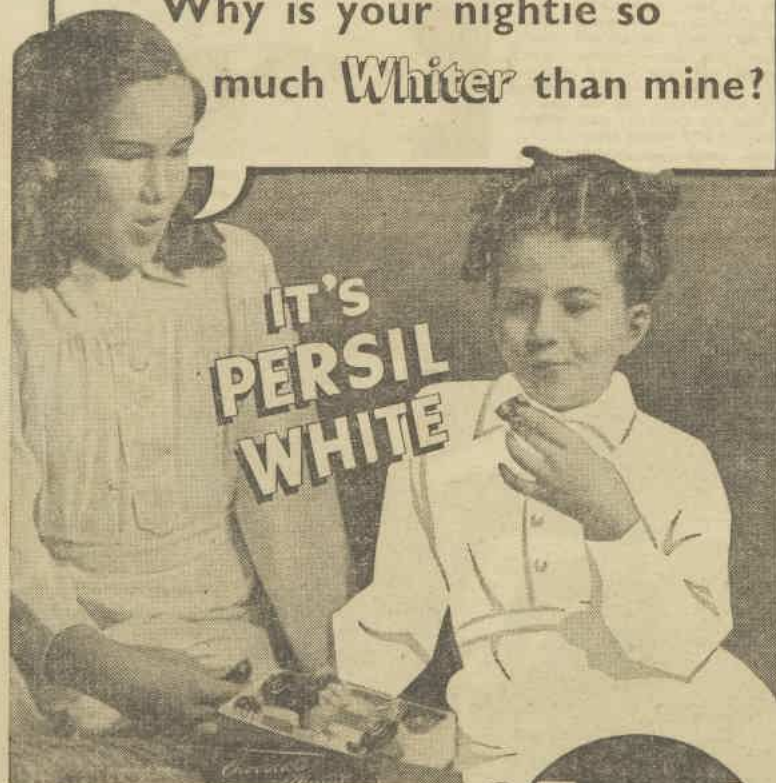
"To claim that fortune, all Rowland needs is a death certificate showing that his wife died after her rich aunt. Don't you see? That's where you fit into the picture. Rowland's counting on you to furnish him with that death certificate he needs!"

But Carol still looked bewildered. "You can't be right about this, Greg," she protested. "Mrs. Rowland died several years ago."

"That's what Rowland said!" I retorted. And going over to the bookshelves I yanked out the book with the telltale inscription. "Look at what's written on this fly-leaf: 'To Spencer, from Alice.' And it's dated last Christmas. That means Alice Rowland was alive then. Who knows—maybe she'd been murdered only a few days before Rowland sent us that letter about the cottage."

Please turn to page 25

Why is your nightie so much **Whiter** than mine?



IT'S **PERSIL WHITE**

JUST compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it... not most of it... but ALL OF IT. Persil washes whitest because it washes cleanest. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else.

Persil
gives the whitest wash

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.345.19



"How can I word the invitation so they won't come?"

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1947

**"Highly recommended
domestic help, efficient,
wages 3d per week..."**

JOYING
ary. Good wages, Excellent
ployment. Train service to factory entrance.

POSITIONS WANTED.

HIGHLY recommended domestic help, wages
3d. per week, smart streamlined appear-
ance, fast and economical in action, reliable,
served in all the happiest homes. Available
later this year. Apply to any **HOTPOINT**
Dealer.

MARRIED Couple, des
seek post with
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More than ever, the modern housewife appreciates the assistance Hotpoint Electric Servants give in the home - and the part they play in opening for her new frontiers of more leisurely, gracious living.

For more than a generation, the range of Hotpoint Electric Servants - Refrigerators, Clothes Washers, Ranges, Bandmaster Radio, Irons, Toasters, Jugs and Kettles - have established the

highest standard of attractive design, efficiency and economy. Australian housewives know that only the finest appliances bear the name **HOTPOINT**.

Despite every effort, it may be some time before your dealer can supply all the Hotpoint Servants you need to make your all-electric home complete. In the meantime, it's well-worth waiting to buy the best - and that means **HOTPOINT**.



Hotpoint

**ELECTRIC
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AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED.

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Dressed for summer

Here is just the right summer frock for you this season. Made in a super crepe-de-chine in really lovely colors of dusty-pink, deep sky-blue, navy-blue, and red. Small white polka dots decorate the frock.

Ready to Wear.—Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 69/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 72/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9d. extra.

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Fashion

PATTERNS

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F4536.—This sportsman-like frock is one which could never be dated. Note the attractive imitation pockets caught with a button. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

F4537.—Now one for junior. Here is the daintiest pinafore-cum-sunfrock designed just for a very young lady. Sizes 2 to 4yrs., 4 to 6yrs., 6 to 8yrs. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/5.



F4538.—That "wear-right" look for daytime jaunts in city or country. The free-and-easy effect is achieved with the side buttoning and open-necked bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/8.



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The patterns for making both of these little suits are clearly traced on a good wearing cotton in shade of fawn only. They come to you ready to cut out and stitch together. Embroider in bright colors.

Sizes for Both Suits.—1 to 2yrs., 3/6 (2 coupons) each; 2 to 4yrs., 3/11 (3 coupons) each; 4 to 6yrs., 4/6 (3 coupons) each. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 819.—**EMBROIDERED MATS**

The designs for embroidering these two mats are clearly traced on a good British cotton in shades of green, blue, pink, also white. Size 8 1/2 in. sq. Price 9d. each. Postage 2 1/2 d. extra.

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Patterns may be obtained at our offices or by post.



CAROL whispered: "Oh, Greg, I—I simply can't believe it!"

"Look, Carol," I said, "Nobody knows we're here. Rowland could easily give us poison, or drugs, or something. I get planted out in the woods—then Rowland goes for a doctor. He tells him his wife has taken an overdose of sleeping pills, or some such story, and brings him back here. You die without regaining consciousness—the death certificate is made out in the name of Alice Rowland—and Rowland is all set to claim that fortune."

"It's as easy as that! The doctor had no reason to suspect that Mrs. Rowland. Rowland says so, and there's your portrait over the mantel to prove it! Now we know why he was so anxious to paint your picture!"

Carol was convinced then. Her face drained white as she glanced at her portrait above the hearth.

"We'll—we'll have to do something!" she cried out desperately. "He'll be coming back here any minute now!"

"We're getting out of here!" I said. "Right now—just as we are."

We ran out of the house and piled into the car. I pressed down on the starter. It whirled, but nothing happened.

"It's been tampered with," I said. "I might have known he wouldn't overlook anything as elementary as that."

Then Carol's head jerked up. "I hear a car, Greg!" she gasped.

"Get on back into the house—quick!" I whispered. "Try to act naturally."

Carol was out of sight, and I was apparently just strolling up through the garden when Rowland's car appeared. He parked by the front door and stepped out harmlessly enough, several paper packages in his arms.

"I did a little shopping," he said amiably, as I followed him into the kitchen where Carol was pretending to be busy over luncheon dishes. "I brought a nice steak, Mrs. Chandler, but I won't be able to stay for

dinner. My train leaves earlier than I thought. I'll have to pull out right away. And here are some mushrooms," he added, opening a neatly packed box.

"You don't have to worry about these," he smiled. "They're not the kind that grow in Piper's Woods."

Carol and I exchanged a guarded look—the same instant thought in our minds. Mushrooms—poisonous mushrooms—that Rowland had gathered in some dark recess of Piper's Woods! This was to be a quiet murder, a suave and smiling murder, in the gentle way of poison.

We farewelled Rowland, all three of us smiling falsely. Then I drew a deep breath.

"Maybe I should have slugged him while I had the chance," I said to Carol. "This is only a breather for us. He'll only ride down the lane a short distance, then hide the car and come back to watch us—and wait."

Carol's voice shook. "Oh, Greg, let's get away now—quickly!"

"We can't—not while it's daylight," I said. "He'd see us. We're safe until it's dark—until he thinks we've had our dinner and eaten those mushrooms. As soon as it is dark, we'll break for the woods. There's a farmhouse over to the north. We'll head that way."

It was an ordeal waiting for those few hours of daylight to pass. We crept around inside the house in restless uncertainty, watching, listening, starting at every sound. Then twilight came, and Piper's Woods became dark and forbidding in their gloomy silence.

I turned on all the lights in the living-room, then the lights in the kitchen. Then Carol and I slipped out the side door into the thickening gloom.

If there ever was a night-

Prelude to Murder

Continued from page 22

mare journey, it was the trek Carol and I made through the blackness of Piper's Woods that night. The moon came up—to make hundreds of mottled shadows that shifted and wavered, until we lost the path we'd been following, and all we could do was stumble on, steering by the moon.

Finally, however, we waded through the last fringe of underbrush and sighted ahead the lights of a farmhouse.

Exhausted as we were, we broke into a run, finally stumbling up the front steps of the farmhouse.

"Have you a telephone?" I gasped to the farmer who opened the door. "I want to call the police!"

The farmer's name was Henderson, and he had a telephone, and I called the Eastredge police station. A detective-sergeant named McMichael came to the phone, and I must have sounded pretty incoherent at first, because McMichael seemed rather sceptical of my story.

"Look, Sergeant," I said. "There's

an easy way to check up on all this. Look through your coroner's files, and if Mrs. Alice Rowland's death was never recorded, then I think you'd better get busy."

"I'll check on that," he said. "Stay right there, Mr. Chandler. I'll call you back."

But Sergeant McMichael didn't call me back. In a surprisingly short time, he and his men arrived at the Henderson farm in person.

"Looks like something funny's been going on, all right," McMichael said. "There's no record whatever of Mrs. Rowland's death. We're on our way over to the cottage. You'd better come back with us."

The house was just as we had left it—the lights on, the box of mushrooms still sitting on the kitchen table. McMichael and his men made a thorough search of the house and grounds.

"Yes, Rowland's skipped," McMichael reported. "I suppose when he found you'd gone he cleared out. Well, he won't get far—we'll catch up with him."

McMichael had me go over the whole story again, step by step. He seemed particularly interested in that hollow where Rowland had scattered all those cigarette-stubs.

"How about showing us that spot?" he asked, rising. "Can you find it in the dark?"

Not long after that, they unearthed young Mrs. Rowland's body from under the rock I had noticed in Piper's Woods. And the autopsy disclosed that she had died of poisoning—of the same deadly Amanita which Rowland had so thoughtfully provided for our steak dinner.

Then a few days later Sergeant McMichael came to us with another announcement.

"Well, we've got Rowland!" he said with satisfaction.

"We guessed he'd take cover in the city—criminals always think a big city is the safest hideout. But I set a trap for him, and he walked right into it."

"What was the trap?" I asked.

McMichael grinned. "Well, from what you told me about Rowland and that Prelude record, I reckoned he must be cracked on the subject, and that he'd try to get hold of that music, wherever he was hiding out. So we covered every shop in the city that sells phonograph records, and told them to watch out for a middle-aged man who wanted to buy a phonograph and Rachmaninoff records."

Sergeant McMichael paused in triumph. "And that's what did the trick! Rowland showed up at one of the stores, asking for that Prelude. The proprietor stalled him off—told him the records were on order and would be in the next day—and then phoned us the tip."

"Did he confess?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" McMichael answered. "Once he was behind the bars he cracked up. First he tried to bluff out the story that Mrs. Rowland had picked those poison mushrooms by mistake, and eaten them. But we pointed out that Mrs. Rowland certainly hadn't picked that box of Amanitas he left on your kitchen table, and it didn't take us very long to break him down."

The sergeant puffed out his big chest. "That Prelude thing Rowland was so nuts about—catchy tune, isn't it? I heard it lots of times before, but I never knew what it was, I go round all day now whistling it."

Yes, I think Carol and I are about the only ones who don't enjoy Sergei Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor. It's a lovely piece of music, but we'd rather not hear it again for a long, long time. And somehow we've lost our taste for mushrooms, too.

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GIVE SKIN FRESH, NEW BEAUTY
THAT MAKES PULSES BEAT FASTER
.... WINS ROMANCE

Actual Statement by
Dolores Moran
WARNER BROS. STAR in
"THE MAN I LOVE"

Try Hollywood's own complexion care—
active-lather facials with pure white
Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich, creamy lather
gently into your skin. Rinse with
warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft
towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer,
smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with
Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow
lovelier all over!

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS!

Life-long Sufferers Praise Immunisation Treatment!

Acclaimed Beneficial and Safe Treatment for

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

HERE ARE THE
GERMS
WHICH CAUSE
THESE DISORDERS



B. PNEUMONIE



STREPTOCOCCI



PNEUMOCOCCI



INFLUENZA



MICROCOCCI CATARRHALIS

More than 150,000 people in Australia have been given relief by Lantigen "B" from the sneezing, coughing, choking and head noises, from the deafness, hawking, stuffed-up feeling which is Catarrh as we know it. If you are a sufferer you should know that, drop after drop after drop, catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping your vitality. You can combat these poisons safely and effectively with Lantigen "B"—no injections—no operations—no pain—no danger—but a treatment

that counteracts the effect of the germs causing these diseases. This positive relief is something that no sufferer can afford to miss. Think what it will mean to gain relief from choking, coughing, sniffling and gasping for breath. And in most cases relief can be obtained from the annoyance and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART
Does not interfere with other treatments

CATARRH

Catarrh is caused by germs. Usually the first infection is due to the neglect of a simple cold. This becomes stubborn and protracted. The excretions which are dislodged by blowing the nose often fall back into the throat, infect the tonsils and result in acute laryngitis and inflammation. Lantigen "B", dissolved oral vaccine, offers an effective treatment for sufferers from catarrh. The distressing effects of the complaint are greatly reduced and replaced by a feeling of well-being. Lantigen "B" works well. It is a dissolved oral vaccine.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN?

Lantigen is not a patent medicine and is devoid of drugs altogether. Lantigen is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared to counteract the effect of the particular organisms which are peculiar to the diseases requiring treatment. Lantigen contains no live germs. The organisms from which it is produced are destroyed by dissolving them, thus releasing the antigens therein—the natural antidote.

£1/1/- per bottle. The recommended treatment costs less than 5d. per day.

Lantigen "B"

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS

CANADIAN RELIEVED FROM BRONCHITIS

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking up around three o'clock choked up and feeling no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—the relief being very sudden, severe attacks of bronchial asthma. I have just completed using one bottle. (Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 3682 Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

Taken By Mouth—Acts Immediately

29 YEARS WITH BRONCHIAL CATARRH, NOW WELL

Miss B. Lane, of 13 Kable Street, Windsor, N.W., writes: "My mother has had bronchial catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears and at times nearly choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

★ Do a good deed—cut out advertisement and send to a fellow sufferer. ★

MARVELLOUS TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvelous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

BABY FREED FROM BRONCHITIS

Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to

Ask Your Chemist For Lantigen "B" To-day

go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning, and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheezes, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mothers and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is. (Signed) Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

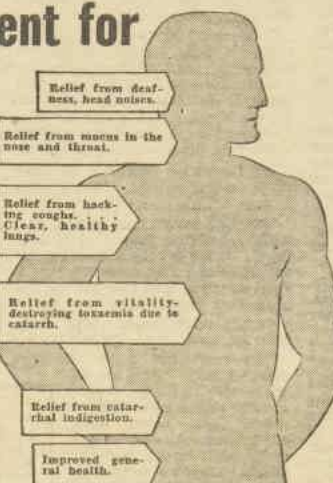
★ Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

SINUS INFECTION CLEARED

Mr. J. A. Greig, of Eden, writes: "When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1934, the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvelous and can no doubt be put down to the good work Lantigen has done."

Produced by fully qualified bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.

Treats First—Then Immunises



Relief from deafness, head noises.
Relief from mucus in the nose and throat.
Relief from hacking coughs. Clear, healthy lungs.
Relief from vitality-destroying toxæmia due to catarrh.
Relief from catarrhal indigestion.
Improved general health.

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

This simple explanation of the way in which Lantigen works will show you clearly how effective a treatment it is. Lantigen is a scientific treatment for many germ-borne disorders.



1. These are the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestine—which have altogether an absorptive surface equal to a room 12 x 12 x 12 feet and which absorb Lantigen from the gastric fluids and carry it into the system.



2. This diagram shows how the many dangerous germs that cause diseases.



3. These are illustrations of a white corpuscle eliminated by Lantigen engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Cronin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens (or vaccines) have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHIAL ASTHMA. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRHAL COLDS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR SINUS INFECTIONS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH

LORNA stood waiting for the lift, unaware of anything round her, her mind fully absorbed in the recollection of that dream.

The screaming . . . Tim had explained that that was Margaret's, and of course he was right. The words, "He's killing me!" . . . Tim had explained that Margaret must have been crying, "She's killing me!" and in her sleep she had misunderstood. That was possible. Tim might explain many things . . . but not this!

When the lift door opened she stepped in, walked to the back, and turned to face the door.

There were other people getting in . . . she saw them dimly. The door closed and they started down, and suddenly Lorna saw him standing in the front of the lift, his back to her, apparently unaware of her. She could not believe that it was Dr. Nestri!

After the first violent shock, she realised that it must be a man who resembled him. She studied every angle of his head that she could see, convincing herself that it could not be Dr. Nestri. The lift stopped at the floor below to take on more passengers, and when he stepped backwards to make room, he turned his head. She saw his face clearly as he lifted his eyes and met hers.

It was Dr. Nestri! He stared at her for a second without a flicker of recognition in those hatreless black eyes. Then he turned his head again and faced the door.

Why don't you speak to him, Lorna? A feeling of weakness passed through her, leaving her faint and trembling. She put her hand against the side of the lift for support. Why doesn't he speak to me? He recognised me! I know he did!

She made one more wavering attempt to convince herself that it was not Dr. Nestri.

How could he be here in a newspaper office? He was in Scotland! Even if he had come to London, how would he know where to find her? How would he know that she was here? A coincidence like this

could not happen in a thousand years!

Yet it was Dr. Nestri. . . . It was not a vision. He was real; he moved and behaved exactly like the other passengers in the lift.

When they stopped at the ground floor he walked out with the other passengers and stopped a moment to look at something along the passage. Lorna stared at him in terrified fascination until at last he looked up and met her glance.

In the dim corridor his eyes were horrible skull-like shadows. His glance held hers without recognition, without even the questioning look of a stranger.

With sudden dreadful knowledge Lorna knew why he was here! This was the moment . . . he had come here to kill her!

Lorna turned and fled. She ran down the passage, heedless of the reproaches of the people she passed. She ran out of the wide doors and into the street, startling some clucking pigeons into flight. She did not know where she was running. She only knew why!

In the street crowds swarmed round her, yet she felt no safety with them. Somewhere in those crowds he would be following, those awful eyes watching her. She must get to Tim's mother's house.

She was not thinking now. She was seeking, like a trapped animal, some avenue of escape.

Her mind was a chaos of panic as she ran along the sunny street, blind to the people round her, deaf to the noisy traffic that sped past. She ran into a small shop and stood leaning on a glass counter, fighting for breath, staring at the door with mounting dread. At any moment he might walk in after her.

She ran out of the shop again, frantic at the thought of having wasted precious moments. She walked stiffly, not knowing whether she might suddenly meet him face to face, or whether he was following and any instant would overtake her. She did not know where she was, or in which direction she was walking.

Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 7

At last she saw an Underground entrance, and hurried down the stairs, grateful for the cool inviting darkness that hid her from the streets. When she was half-way down she heard the roar of a train beneath her feet and suddenly she stopped.

The Underground! She must not go into the Underground. She knew what would happen. Lorna Baylor

Agatha Christie writes Our New Serial

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE," by celebrated author of mystery fiction Agatha Christie.

Featuring the famous detective, Hercule Poirot, this is an engrossing and provocative story of murder in an unexpected setting . . .

All the dentist's patients were in a state of nervous suspense, but it was sudden death, not the dentist's drill, that brought tension to its height. Begin this exciting new serial next week.

. . . apparently fell . . . who would ever know what really happened?

She turned and began to climb back up the stairs, and then she saw him standing at the head of the stairs, looking down at her.

For a moment they stared at each other unflinchingly. Lorna felt her knees ready to buckle under her if she should take another step.

A cold trembling passed upwards through her body, constricting her heart, striking the pit of her stomach with painful convulsions. She grasped the rail and clung to it to keep herself from falling. Her head seemed bursting with pressure. She took one step upwards.

Then she felt the terrible force which had thrown her mother in front of that train. It was on the

stairs above her, pressing her back, as though invisible hands were forcing her down the stairs on to the platform. She clung to the rail, holding her ground.

Her eyes would no longer focus. She closed them and, leaning against the rail, she took another step upwards. She did not look up again. On the next step she fell. She heard her skirt tear, but she did not feel any pain. She tried to get up, but suddenly she was too weak.

Behind her she heard a man's voice speaking to her and felt his hands on her shoulders, lifting her. She let him help her to the top of the stairs. On the street she looked round, compelling her eyes to focus. Dr. Nestri had vanished.

"All right now, miss?" the man asked her.

"Yes . . . yes, thank you. Thank you!"

"That's all right." He tipped his hat. "You had a nasty fall. Were you running?"

"Yes," she said. "I was running."

She walked away from him in a daze, moving with the stream of traffic, not knowing which way she was going. She came to a crossing and stepped into the road blindly.

A taxi, turning the corner, brushed her, knocking her down against the pavement. Someone screamed, a policeman blew his whistle frantically, and the taxi stopped, the driver running back along the road. Lorna sat in the dirty gutter where she had fallen, looking round her in bewilderment.

The policeman was pushing back the crowd and the taxi-driver was talking in an angry voice. Someone in the crowd shouted, "She walked straight into him! I saw her!"

Lorna got to her feet slowly.

"I'm all right," she told the taxi driver. "I'm not hurt."

The policeman took out his little book, questioning her.

"I'm all right," Lorna insisted.

"I'm not hurt. Please . . . I'm in a hurry . . ."

BREAKING abruptly away, Lorna escaped down a side street. At the next corner she found a taxi and climbed into it, giving the driver her mother-in-law's address. She saw the driver looking at her curiously, and only then was she aware that her dress was torn, her stockings were torn.

When the taxi stopped in front of the house, Lorna paid the driver and got out. There were people passing the house and they looked after her as she mounted the steps and rang the bell. When she walked into the hall she saw Mrs. Baylor coming out of the library. And with her was Tim!

"Tim . . ." Lorna cried faintly. Both of them halted and stared at her. A cloud of fear crossed Tim's face as he came to her and put his arms round her.

"Lorna . . . are you all right?" "I'm all right," she told him. "I . . . I fell. I fell down."

"My dear, you're trembling so," Mrs. Baylor said. "I should never have let you go out alone like that. What happened?"

"I saw him!" Lorna cried. "He's here in London. How did he know that I was here?"

"Whom did you see?" Mrs. Baylor asked. "Who is in London?"

"Dr. Nestri," Tim answered her quietly.

Lorna turned in his arms and looked up into his face. "How did you know? You didn't tell him I was here, Tim?"

"No, darling. He found it out by accident. Margaret told Ruth Denison and Ruth told him. News travels fast at home."

Lorna stepped out of Tim's arms and faced him. Her eyes searched his face intently.

"You found out he was coming here," she said. "You followed him. You were afraid for me."

"Tim nodded. After a moment Lorna went on, "Because you believe me. You believe me, don't you, Tim?"

"Lorna, I don't know what I believe!" he said impatiently. "There certainly seems to be something going on and I'm determined to find out what it's all about."

Please turn to page 29



AUNT JENNY SAYS

I declare it was a real thrill just to handle this 119 Y^R OLD SERVIETTE

READ THE EXCITING STORY OF MRS. DALLISON'S 1827 HEIRLOOM SERVIETTE, USED OFTEN AND WASHED REGULARLY WITH VELVET SOAP. (Original letter on our files.)

1. "119 YEARS AGO," writes Mrs. J. Dallison, Woolahra, N.S.W., "my grandfather had woven to order, in Ireland, a dinner set of which this serviette is a part. His name was Richard Crow, an auctioneer who did business for many of the titled gentry of England. His slogan was 'While I Live I Crow'—that's why the roosters and 'R.C.' are woven into the design."

2. "LOOK, AUNT JENNY," says Mrs. Dallison, "feel the quality of this hand-woven red linen—and the colour hasn't faded a bit. That's because I've always washed it in Velvet suds ever since it was handed down to me."

3. "I ALSO HAVE a hand-embroidered Chinese supper cloth which is over 30 years old and still good as new, thanks to Velvet," continues Mrs. Dallison. "Why, I could go on and on telling you about Velvet—I just couldn't do without it. It's as good as an extra pair of hands on washdays!"

4. WHY RUB AND SCRUB YOUR LINENS THIN? THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY WHEN YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE MEASLY WEARY-WILLIE SUDS BUT . . .

5. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN GROUND-IN GRIME COMES AWAY EASILY . . . SAFELY. ITS EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS

Velvet Soap

Tune in every morning Mon. to Thurs. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"



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J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1947

There are many reasons why

THEY ALL FLY

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Tel.: Cent. 7545.

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A U S T R A L I A N N A T I O N A L A I R L I N E S C O M M I S S I O N

LORNA

in her handbag and drew out the notebook in which she had copied the newspaper story. She handed it to Tim's mother.

"This is what I found in the newspaper. Mother. This is what I knew I would find!"

Mrs. Baylor took the book, opened it slowly, and read it to herself. At last she looked up, searching Lorna's face. Then she turned to go into the library, motioning them to follow. When she had closed the door she handed the book to Tim.

"I don't understand it," she said. "It is exactly the same as Lorna's dream."

Tim read the notes, closed the notebook with shaking hands, and put it into his pocket.

"Lorna, I'm going to ask you this question just once more, and I want you to think a moment before you answer it: Have you any recollection of having ever seen or heard of Paul Nestri at any time in your life before?"

"None!" she answered promptly. "I don't need to think a moment about that. I've thought of nothing else for weeks!"

"How about the student recital in Paris? Did you see him that time?"

"Of course not. I was so nervous I didn't see anyone in the audience. The whole auditorium was just a blur of white faces. I tell you, I'd never seen or heard of him before that night I met him at the Cameron's."

Tim was silent a moment, studying her face, then he said thoughtfully, "This dream about your mother, Lorna . . . you must have heard something about her death, some vague mention of it . . . when you were a child. That would account for the dream. The story must have lingered in your sub-conscious mind."

"I tell you that I had no idea of how my mother died," Lorna answered him coldly. "No one ever mentioned it at any time!"

"But there is a very slender possibility that when you were small—three or four years old—you might have heard it mentioned," Tim insisted. "You must not be unreasonable about this, Lorna. There is that possibility isn't there?"

Lorna turned away from him. She sat down in a corner of the sofa and lit a cigarette. She watched him as he crossed to her, looking down at her with dark anxiety.

"Isn't there, Lorna?" he repeated.

"If I say no, I'm a fool," she said slowly. "And if I say yes, you've defeated me. Is that what you want, Tim?"

He sat down next to her and put his hand on her arm.

"No, Lorna," he said quietly. "I want to help you. I want you to come home with me and talk to Leslie Cameron. I think he can help us both. I didn't ask him at once because I thought you were just nervous and overwrought . . . I didn't believe you, in other words. But I was wrong."

Lorna looked up at him quickly.

"There is something in this," he went on, "and we must find out what it is. And soon. Because in the condition you're in now, Dr. Nestri wouldn't have to kill you. You'll kill yourself with your own hysteria."

Lorna was still looking at him with a steady gaze. He was right. He was terribly right. If she had gone down into the Underground, it would have been her own hysteria that would have killed her. If she had been walking a little faster and that taxi had run over her, it would have been her own hysteria that killed her.

It was a kind of murder for which no one could be held accountable.

"I'm afraid, Tim," she said suddenly. "Of you . . . myself . . . everyone . . ."

Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 27

"I know," he told her. "That's why I want you to come back with me. I thought I needed time to straighten these things out in my own mind. But there is no time. Will you drive back with me to-night, Lorna?"

"Yes," she nodded. She turned to speak to Tim's mother and saw her standing by the window, looking out into the street through the half-drawn curtains.

For a second Lorna caught an expression on her face of tense concentration, as though she saw something in the street that disturbed and puzzled her. Yet when Lorna spoke to her, her face became composed, half smiling.

"Yes, dear?"

"I'm going back with Tim," Lorna told her. "I'm sorry to have come here like this and upset you. I think I'd better go back with Tim and have a talk with Dr. Cameron."

Tim and Lorna left London early that evening, turning the car northward into the last glow of the summer sunset. Lorna was silent, thinking of the way Tim's mother had said good-bye—holding her in a tight embrace, whispering, "My child, take care of yourself! And don't be afraid!"

Lorna's response had been reserved. She felt that Mrs. Baylor was half inclined to believe her story, but was afraid to encourage her. Tim, himself, was not sure. "I don't know what I believe," he had said. But he had come to London! He had followed Dr. Nestri!

From the corner of her eye she saw Tim's strong profile outlined against the first pale starlight. His chin was set firmly, his eyes intent on his driving.

As though he felt her eyes on him, he spoke: "Lorna, do you realize that I could walk into the hospital to-morrow morning and meet Nestri, and ask him what he was doing in London to-day, and he could tell me that he was doing research? And even if I didn't believe him, what could I do about it?"

"Nothing," Lorna shook her head. "Unless you asked him why he didn't speak to me in the lift?"

"Suppose he didn't see you?"

"He did."

Tim blew out his breath in a deep sigh. "There's nothing, absolutely nothing, that we can pin down, Lorna. Just a mood, or a feeling, or a vague worry . . . How can we explain it to Leslie Cameron?"

Lorna put her head back and closed her eyes.

"I think I'd better sleep," she told Tim.

"Good for you," he agreed. "That's the best thing in the world for you."

Lorna slept deeply, exhausted by the terrible day. She did not dream. Once she half woke, shivering with the damp night air, and felt Tim covering her with the rug. As soon as she was warm again she slept as deeply as before.

She did not know what time it was when she awoke, but it was dark. They had stopped at a garage for petrol. Tim was out of the car, stretching his legs, talking to the garage attendant about the weather. When he saw that Lorna was awake he came round to her window.

"Hungry?" he asked her.

"No, thanks. What time is it?"

"About ten thirty. Would you like something to drink? There's a small cafe here."

"I believe I will." She opened the car door and climbed out stiffly. "I'm cold. I'm cold inside me."

"You slept like a lamb," Tim told her with a smile. They went into

the deserted cafe. They sat at a small table, drinking their coffee without speaking. Once Lorna said to him, "You believe this whole thing is a matter of memory, don't you, Tim?"

"It's the only logical explanation," he told her, "and even then it seems impossible."

"I've been back," Lorna said thoughtfully, "years and years, over and over the same ground, and I can't find anything that rings a bell. There are some things that I remember which have no explanation . . . but I don't think any of them fit into this. He's a psychiatrist . . . I would have remembered that. He's an Austrian . . . he's—oh, none of them fits! And yet there must be something!"

"That's what we're going back to find out," Tim said.

"I don't believe that it's just a matter of memory," Lorna shook her head. "I believe that it's something else . . . my father's spirit . . . or cosmic vibrations of danger. There's an inward word . . . intuition, perhaps."

"I'm going to prove that it's memory," Tim smiled at her. "I'm sorry to be so practical, but that's what I believe it is."

They finished their coffee and while Tim paid his bill Lorna walked ahead of him out of the small building. She stood on the doorstep, breathing in the warm damp air, thinking of their conversation. From round the curve to the left of the garage she heard a car approaching, but the sound recorded itself automatically.

Suddenly a flood of bright lights swept round the corner and for a moment Lorna was blinded by their beam. She flung her arm upward and covered her eyes from the glare.

In an instant the car was gone, but Lorna was sure that it was a sports car she had seen . . . Nestri's sports car. She had not seen the driver. How could she have seen him since her eyes were still blinded with light when Tim came out and joined her?

As they crossed to the car, the sound of their footsteps on the gravel suddenly recalled to her mind the night that she had sat outside the hospital waiting for Tim. The bright headlights . . . Nestri's. This was just a simple association of ideas. She was not going to start worrying Tim again.

What could she say to him? A car went by. Tim did not get a good look at the car, nor did I see the driver, but because his headlights flashed in my eyes I knew it was Nestri. I know that he saw me . . .

She let Tim help her into the car and waited until he was in the driving seat. She turned to him and demanded, "Tim, you don't think that there's any question of my sanity, do you?"

"It's no small thing to talk of going insane, Lorna," he told her soberly. "I think the only trouble with you is that your mind is playing tricks. It refuses to give up what it knows."

"Perhaps," Lorna conceded. But she knew that her mind had not been playing tricks in London to-day.

Nestri had followed her. When he lost her, he knew that she would go home. He went there, he saw their car outside Mrs. Baylor's house. He watched, and when he saw them leave he knew that they would be going back to Scotland.

That's where he's going now, Lorna told herself. He's ahead of us. He knows that we're coming . . .

But she could not quite believe that. This time the association of ideas was clear in her own mind, and

she could follow her own train of thought. Just because headlights had flooded over her for an instant did not mean that it was Nestri's car ahead.

They drove out of the garage on to the dark road. Lorna lit two cigarettes and handed one to Tim.

He saw how her hands were shaking and when he took the cigarette from her fingers he covered them with his own for a second.

"What is it, darling?" he asked her.

"I don't know," she said in a muffled voice. "I don't know." But whatever it was she knew that an uncontrollable feeling had begun to well up in her. She turned her head away, staring out at the moonlit fields. She was trembling with a panic that made her want to scream, to strike Tim with her fists, to jump out of the car.

He's right, she thought. My own hysteria will kill me some day. I can't stand much more of this! I'll kill myself! She kept talking to herself, trying to control the terror which possessed her.

Mile after mile of bright moonlit road stretched away behind them as Lorna kept up a steady conversation with herself.

She exhausted all the easy reproaches which Tim and his books had taught her. The instant she was silent inside, the black wave of panic began to rise in her again, and after a while she just talked to herself in nonsensical words—nursery rhymes, poetry, Bible quotations, the multiplication table.

As long as she could hear the sound of her own voice inside herself, she could ward off the terror which kept rising in the dark silence of her mind. Once she spoke aloud and Tim turned his head.

"I beg your pardon," he said with a laugh. "What did you say?"

"Did I say something?" Lorna asked.

"You were speaking in French," Tim told her. "Something about la voix de Dieu . . . the voice of God."

"It was nothing," Lorna answered. "I must have been dreaming aloud."

"I didn't know you were asleep. Tell me, darling, do you dream in French?"

"I don't know. I . . . I really don't know."

Tim chuckled softly to himself. He did not speak to her again.

PRESIDENTLY

Lorna turned away, and Tim thought she had gone back to sleep. She had not. She was wide awake, watching the road ahead that climbed steeply into the hilly approaches of Scotland. They were not far from home now.

She began to think about home, about Margaret. She began to talk to Margaret in her mind. She talked to her about the way the refrigerator needed defrosting almost constantly, about cooking a bit of pan-fry with their fish . . .

They had topped the crest of a steep hill when suddenly, round the bend lower down the hill, they saw a car roaring upwards toward them, straddling the centre of the road.

For an instant they thought that the driver had not seen them; that he would swing to one side to let them pass. But he came on and on up the steep hill, blocking their way so that they could not pass.

Lorna stared at the oncoming headlights with stricken fascination. She heard Tim's hoarse cry of fear, and in an instant she knew what it was. Either they would meet the car head on or they would swerve off the road and plunge into the rolling fields below.

A shriek of terrible protest tore from Lorna's throat. She did not know what death would be like, but the seconds preceding it were a powerful denial of the need for death. She was fighting against it with brain and blood and will.

"Tim!" she screamed with terror. "Tim!" she cried out again, as he saw one slender chance and took it. He cut across in front of the oncoming car to the right side of the road. There was a horrible crash as the other car caught their bumper and ripped it off. The other car went on up the hill, dragging their bumper, now completely out of control.

In another instant it was over the side of the hill, and they heard it rolling down through the fields. Tim jammed on the brakes and they came to a stop.

"Are you all right, Lorna?" he cried.

"Yes, Tim . . . all right."

He tore out of the car and ran back up the hill. Lorna tried to follow him, but her legs had no substance. They moved slowly, stiffly, through no will of her own. Tim was out of sight, but she found the tyre marks in the soft shoulders where the car had gone over.

Please turn to page 31

What more could a fella want—a new floating duck and a cake o' PEARS!



A pure soap is Pears . . . so pure that you can look right into the heart of a tablet. And with a mildness that months of careful maturing alone can bring. Yes, Pears is the perfect soap for Baby's sensitive skin.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1947



BESOM BROOMS are made in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Used originally for farm brushes, there is now a big demand for them for sweeping up scalings in steel factories.



WATER GIPSIES who ply barges on main canals have for over 150 years made a hobby into a profitable industry. They paint traditional gipsy designs in bright colors on tinware—teapots, basins, and water carriers.



WHEELWRIGHT'S TRADE, one of England's oldest industries, was revived during war, when the old farm cart was brought out of retirement. The Government conducts special schools for apprentices in this craft. This farm cart is about 80 years old.



WELSH CORACLE is made of tarred linen on a wooden frame, is very light and invaluable for crossing torrential rivers in Wales, and for fishing. The coracle is made by fishermen and farmers in their spare time. They also make their own nets.

Exhibition of ancient arts to be shown here

Traditional work of Britain still useful in modern world

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

England's ancient handicrafts still have a place in the modern world of mass production. Shortages caused by the war revived the use of many crafts which have been handed down through generations.

An exhibition of these crafts was held recently in America. Sponsored by the British Council, it was such a success that New Zealand asked for it, and later it will come to Australia.

THE wheelwright's craft, for instance, one of the oldest known in Britain, flourishes to-day. The war revived the old farm cart, and many which were 100 years old were brought back into service.

The Rural Industries Board, which watches the interests of Britain's craftsmen, brought wheelwrights and blacksmiths together, introduced acetylene welding into the village smithy.

Some village blacksmiths are still the village "horse doctor." Dear old Charlie Duke, a Somerset man, can cure a horse of any walking defect. He has only to see it walk and knows exactly what horseshoe to make at his forge to correct the defect.

Mr. Duke's fame is known far and wide in England, and his father before him was the local horse doctor.

"I have horseshoes that the Normans used," he told me as he showed me some of his many different types. "This one," he pointed out, "is a horseshoe with a hinge. That one is for hunters that are frightened to come off the field on to the road. That one is the same as used a thousand years ago."

"Horses haven't changed very much, and the right horseshoe will cure most foot ills."

Famous veterinary surgeons call Mr. Duke "the finest horse surgeon of all."

Wherever there is scope for expansion the Rural Industries Board encourages apprentices to learn the old crafts.

In well-wooded districts, for instance, such as Gloucestershire and Buckinghamshire, small turnery mills supply many unexpected mar-

kets. From the yew tree chair legs and rails, yokes for carrying pails, drumsticks, and potato-setting pins are all made.

The Rural Industries Board looks after small mills, helping with facilities that will widen the field while retaining the craftsmanship of the small mill owner.

Each turn of fortune brings new arts and crafts into the homes or revives old ones. Notable among revivals was that of hand spinning with wheel or spindle, using wool gathered from hedgerows or fencibles.

Airmen's stockings were knitted from spindle-spun wool, and men's short-lived utility socks were reinforced at toes and heels with spindle-spun flax.

Village smithy

BLANKETS were couponed, but the countrywoman knitted large rugs from spindle-spun camel's hair with five per cent, sheep's wool.

Wrought iron, famous in England since the reign of Henry VII, was revived when the decrease in horses left many village smithies without full employment.

Basket-makers make horses' collars of Norfolk reed in some parts of East Anglia. It is an old craft that is particular to this part of England, as is the bee skip for swarming bees made from the same type of reed.

Every horse-lover loves good harness and in the village saddler's shop some of the most beautiful examples of harness work can be seen. It is a very specialised trade. A good saddler is hard to come by and during the war when horses replaced motor cars and lorries there was a demand for saddlers that could not be met.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire draught horses have particularly beautiful harness decorated with hand-made brasses. Though most brasses in England are mass-produced they still keep their traditional shapes, for these ancient forms of decoration were originally good-luck charms.

In the villages the local blacksmith or the farmer himself hand-beats the brass at the forge for mounting on rich, hand-sewn leather harness.

For a century and a half the water gipsies have painted teapots and jugs, water carriers and other barge utensils, while away the long, quiet evenings when the barge is tied up for the night.

From this primitive hobby an industry developed, and to-day the barge's hauling money is supplemented by his crude yet effective art work on barge tinwork.

Probably the oldest of British art is the making of corn dollies at the conclusion of the harvest. It is pre-Christian in origin.

From plaited straw the most fascinating dollies are made for the church harvest. Each part of England has its own traditional design, and after the festival the dollies can be seen in the farmers' homes and hanging in the village inn.

There is no standardisation of knitting patterns in fishing villages. Each village has its own distinctive and traditional pattern, said to be kept so that the identity and home village of the owner can be easily established in case of drowning at sea.

A hard spun yarn, known as dog's hair and oakum, which has a rough seaworthiness and is most attractive when knitted up, is used. The intricate patterns are passed on from mother to daughter.

Although the smock is no longer worn by adults, smocking has never gone out of style and children's dresses all over the world are smocked, following the traditional English pattern. Actually, the embroidery should never be in a contrasting color, and it is used to have ornamentation on the panels at each side of the gathers to show the trade of the wearer.

The carter or waggoner would have wheels, whips, and reins—the shepherd crooks, sheep-pen, and hurdles.

Another spare-time hobby that has become a profitable craft is the making of conductors' batons, policemen's truncheons, wooden spoons and ladles. Before the fires in the long winter evenings farmers fashion with skilled hands, from the yew tree, batons and truncheons.

Getting Effie OFF!

By DOROTHY DRAIN

ALL in all we will be glad when the ship sails. Or relieved may be a better word. We like Effie. Until a couple of months ago we were even enthusiastic about her. But Effie is off to England, and to date we have gone every step of the way

When Effie gets on that ship it will be a shock to find we aren't with her waving good-bye. After buying all those trunks, getting our smallpox vaccination, changing our mind so many times about ships that we are frightened to look a shipping company in the face—well, we're in pretty deep.

We didn't know it was possible nowadays to pick and choose about sea transport until Effie started in. She has driven every company in town crazy, had deposits transferred, dickered about routes, and by easy stages worked her way down from a single cabin on the modern substitute for a luxury liner to a 20-berth dormitory, which is only double the prewar minimum rate.

It has taken a lot out of us. We've spent so much time helping her convince herself that 20 in a dormitory is not many anyway, only 16 more than a four-berth, and look at troopships, with a thousand in the hold. (That's just the trouble, you haven't looked at troopships, said Effie's returned soldier boy-friend.)

Why, we said to Effie, there's bound to be a peg on the wall to hang your clothes up, and if you get up very early and get a good place in the bathroom queue you can always have a sleep in the afternoon. We were practically rearing for the communal life by the time we finished with Effie.

We went through some difficult times when answers started to roll in from all the friends in England whom Effie had apprised of her coming.

"I do think you are brave," wrote the English ones. "There is no doubt colonialists have enterprise," said others. "After all your good food out there, I suppose it will be quite a few weeks before you get really hungry."

Just think, we told Effie, of cathedrals and museums and art galleries. Just keep your mind on the Strand and St. Paul's Cathedral and actually seeing a place called Little Wapping-ton-on-Mud.

Who, we asked enthusiastically as we ordered a second ice-cream from the waitress, would be so sordid as to brood on tinned peaches when they can look at tombs in Westminster Abbey?

You can't count English people, we said, warming to the subject.

"The star piece of luggage was found in a second-hand shop, and has a deep, curved lid and wheels."

After all they're USED to the Tower of London and Hampton Court. And they had the blitz and all that.

The letters from Australian pals started to romp in. Bring plenty of warm clothes, they underlined, following up with ghoulish descriptions of fog, sleet, rain, and snow.

Forty-two million people stand it, we reminded Effie. Fog is romantic. You bump into strangers and they turn out to be the Great Romance, or the head of the dope gang Scotland Yard has wanted for years. Besides there's a thing we read about in the war. A fog dispenser, you can probably buy one.

That was the part we did like about Getting Effie OFF. Advising her what to take. Each day we would rush in with fresh suggestions.

Nothing but the best would suit us when we offered advice on Effie's wardrobe. Two sheepskin coats, we thought. And she couldn't go wrong with good tailored suits. Easily use three of those. Bags and bags of the very best warm underclothing, and a really full supply of Dixie Varden cosmetics, and two raincoats and some rainboots, and plenty of stockings, and why not lots and lots of shoes?

We enjoyed this. It didn't cost us a penny. When Effie got to Stage Three of working-girl travellers, which is looking at every copper, we would cry heartily when she refused to come to coffee.

"Oh, come on, Sixpence won't buy you a meal when you're starving in Fleet Street."

But on the larger scale we suffered Effie's financial problems with her. None of our group is strong on arithmetic and Effie least of all, but we've all improved since the practice in adding and subtracting of the past few weeks.

Of course, you'll have plenty, we reassured her. No, not a lot to spare, and it would be easier if you were a man and could sleep on the Thames Embankment now and then or in one of those doss-houses that Jack London described in "People of the Abyss."

On one aspect of money we had to drop our role of bolstering pals and be really firm. This was concerning money in the round or about, so to speak. Effie likes to see it. She would be happier to keep it in an old stocking or tea-caddy rather than the savings bank.

Letters of credit, bank drafts, and travellers' cheques have a fictional quality for her. Only on the word of a bank manager did she finally drop the idea of wearing a canvas sovereign-belt.

We were disappointed in our smallpox vaccination. You won't get very sick, we told Effie. Some people fall flat on their faces a few days later, but that's fairly unusual. And we did know a girl who nearly died before she got to Fremantle, though, of course, you're not going by Fremantle. Besides that was before the war.

And don't worry, we added, if your arm gets so stiff that you can't get

in and out of your clothes, that might be cholera anyway. Aspirin, we said cheerfully, will be a great help.

Which reminds us, we added with revived enthusiasm when Effie showed no untoward symptoms from the vaccination, be sure to take plenty of aspirins and sensick remedies.

Everybody doesn't get seasick, we cheered her. The main thing is not to eat soup and to keep on your feet. And nobody or hardly anybody ever dies of seasickness. If they do, they put something else on the death certificate.

But it's handy when there's an epidemic on the ship not to have to bother the doctor with your little ailments.

We went all the way with Effie on the matter of luggage. She tells

us now she is only taking three trunks. On our computation, based on the number of second-hand models we have had described in detail, it should be fifteen.

We would like to state here and now, in case this is read by any person who takes part in handling baggage in or around ships, that we are not responsible for the star piece, which was discovered in the attic of a second-hand shop and has a deep curved lid and WHEELS.

We think those wheels may be the reason that it was cheap, and that it has, in the course of a long life of hard knocks, been blacklisted on the waterfronts of the world. Someone suggested adding a nail, which, to our mind, couldn't do any harm, but Effie says pettishly that she won't be wheeling it into the Savoy, so what odds?

Never mind, it's all nearly over. Effie has written time and date of her sailing on her desk calendar. Life will seem a bit flat when she's gone. Who knows, she may marry a duke or an earl and ask us all to stay.

We feel we deserve it.



Flowers from a Stranger

Continued from page 29

DULLY, Lorna

realised that another car had stopped and a man's voice called to her, but she did not stop to answer. She ran down through the field. Below her, in the vivid blue moonlight, she could see the other car, a twisted mass of wreckage. She went on quickly, half running, half falling, to where she could see Tim's white collar moving in the dim light.

"I can't find anyone!" he called. She joined him and they walked round the wreckage until they saw someone plumped beneath an unrecognisable heap of metal. Tim knelt beside the figure, looking down into the face intently. At his shoulder Lorna bent to see. She heard Tim's cry of dismay. And she knew, as she had known so long!

"It's Nestri!" Tim cried. "Lorna

Lorna knelt beside Tim, staring into the quiet face. She knew that look of death before her; a look of youth, of fine imperishable beauty. She watched his eyes open slowly. He stared into her face, shadowed by the moonlight. His lips moved and she bent her head to hear his words.

"Marie," he whispered. "Marie . . . you've come back to me . . ."

Lorna looked up and saw Tim staring at her. In the dim light his eyes were blank. He shook his head slightly to indicate that there was nothing he could do. Lorna looked down again at that strangely young face, at the soft eyes touched with light.

"Marie . . . my wife . . . my love . . ." the whisper reached

her. "I love you! If you leave me . . . I will kill you . . . I will kill everything you touch . . . everything you love . . . I swear it!"

His head moved restlessly as though he were trying to free himself from the crushing weight of the wreckage. Unconsciously Lorna put out her hand and touched his shoulder to stop his vain effort. He turned his head and rested his cheek against her hand.

"Marie, you're here . . . you're still my wife," he whispered. "It was only a dream . . . there was another man . . . a child that was not mine . . . I hated you! It took so long . . . many years . . . but I killed you, as I had sworn! I followed them . . . they were killed together in a smash . . . I thought . . . Then I saw the child . . ."

He stopped, his face bathed in sweat. Tim ran a handkerchief across his face but he did not turn his head. His eyes were riveted on Lorna's face.

"The child has grown up like you, Marie . . . Marie! Are you here?" "I'm here," Lorna answered him softly. "Tell me . . . about the dream . . ."

"The dream . . . she was a girl like you, playing the piano . . . somewhere . . . That other man had hidden her from me, but I followed him . . . I had sworn! I lost him . . . but the girl I found in a newspaper picture. She had married a doctor . . . I found her. I found her and I killed her . . ."

He turned his head and touched

Lorna's hand with his lips. "That is how much I love you, my Marie. That I should dream with such horror of another man . . . But you're here . . . and it was only a dream . . ."

"Yes," Lorna said softly. "It was only a dream."

He did not speak again. Lorna felt the weight of his head grow heavier on her hand.

After a moment Tim touched her arm very gently.

"He's dead, Lorna," he said.

"Yes, I know," she answered.

Tim helped her to her feet. He stood with his arm round her shoulders, looking down at Dr. Nestri.

"He nearly killed you," he said soberly.

"It's over, Tim," she said. "It's over for ever. As long as we know the truth . . ."

"Lorna, how will you ever be able to trust me again?" he cried suddenly.

She turned to him and saw in the dim light that his face was white with shock. She touched his hand on her shoulder with a quick gesture of reassurance.

"I've never completely trusted you before," she said quietly.

On the main road above them cars were stopping and they heard a murmur of voices. A small knot of people had gathered in the field, standing off a little, afraid of what they might see. A policeman came down the field, flashing his torch across them. They turned away together and jammed through the field to meet him.

(Copyright)

Blind actor Esmond Knight wins big film roles

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

To Britain's bravest actor has come a film part which even he feels many qualms in accepting.

Though the story of that fine character actor Esmond Knight's courage is now one of the legends of British filmland, he has fears about playing the part of a blind announcer in Gainsborough's "Holiday Camp," in case it rakes up pity which he never sought.

ESMOND, himself completely blinded after naval action in the battleship Prince of Wales, fought against his affliction with such patient tenacity that he made a striking screen comeback in the part of a man who could see.

The film was "The Silver Fleet," with Ralph Richardson and Google Withers, and it became a headline event when cinemagoers were completely deceived by his sure portrayal of a German S.S. officer and would not believe the story of his being blind.

And for those who knew the truth, Esmond Knight said, "I did my utmost to avoid pity by making my characterisation of the monocular Nazi as swinish and as unsympathetic as possible."

So complete was his triumph over blindness and the well-meant pity of others, that, disregarding his affliction, film and theatre offers came tumbling in as in the days before he enlisted.

Esmond Knight's personality is vital and dynamic.

His voice boomed through his Chelsea

house as he hurried confidently down the stairs to meet me and take me into his study.

"After a number of operations on my eyes, I can distinguish between colors and make out the vague shapes of some buildings," he said.

"This, plus an instinct I have acquired, is quite sufficient to guide me on to the film set or about the stage, but it is still insufficient to make me feel easy about playing a blind man—because I am still afraid of sentimental pity."

"I am currently playing in two other films—'Uncle Elias,' with Jean Simmons, Kathleen Paxinou, and Derek Bond, and 'Green Days and Blue Days,' with Sabu and the Brazilian star Bibi Ferreira—so do not think I need any more help than anybody else."

"I also like to think that nobody who saw my film work in 'Halfway House' or as Flewellyn in 'Henry V' could pick that I am partially blind."

Esmond Knight's acting qualities, which earmarked him before the war as a future screen idol, find their finest expression in Shakespearean parts.

On the wall of his study hang a long

sword and dagger, as souvenirs of the stage duel he fought, while blind, as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet."

"Every move had to be plotted and rehearsed again and again," he said.

"But I do not think the audience spotted any defects."

"My wife, Norah Swinburne, and I are very anxious now to tour Australia soon, as we have fulfilled our present engagements and we have been making inquiries among our Australian friends in the West End theatres—Bobbie Helpmann, Sophie Stewart, Vera Pearce, and Freddie Carpenter, who is just back from there."

"From what they have told us, we plan a repertoire of three shows for the tour—one comedy, one Shakespearean, and one straight play."

"Norah is a wonderful help with my work."

"She reads me the scripts and I have a system of memorising lines by creating in my 'inner eye' a page of dialogue."

On stage Esmond wears contact lenses and at home tortoise-shell glasses.

On a bureau in the corner of the study stands a braille typewriter, a souvenir of St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, where he became a proficient touch typist.

It was then that he tried out his hand

at short stories and writing plays, for he was finding it difficult to persuade theatre managers and film producers that he was serious about making an acting comeback.

But to-day he is working on three films at once.

ESMOND KNIGHT, English actor who was blinded during Navy service in the war, is still unable to distinguish more than vague shapes and colors. His actress wife Norah Swinburne goes over his scripts with him at their home in Chelsea, and he has been selected for many forthcoming productions.



Film Reviews

★★ MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

DIRECTOR John Ford, of Fox, has soft-pedalled noticeably on the usual blood-and-thunder angle of this good, period Western. There are fewer guns popping and galloping horses, and a heavier emphasis on photographic effects even though the film is not in technicolor.

With Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature as the stars, there is plenty of cast appeal, though Fonda wraps up most of the honors with a warmly human portrayal of a Western sheriff who goes looking for the murderers of his cattle-herder brother. Mature looks as if he may be able to live down the frightful "beautiful hunk of man" title which he had before the war, as in his first postwar film he really does a spot of genuine acting in an unsympathetic role.

Linda Darnell as a Mexican dance-hall girl looks her lascivious self, and newcomer Cathy Downs in the title role is the demure heroine.

Climax of the film is exciting, and sterling actor Walter Brennan as a horse thief with four equally rascally sons is outstanding.

A good musical background is based on the title song—Plaza; showing.

★ IN OLD SACRAMENTO

REPUBLIC's latest Western keeps in line with the present heavy output of similar types.

Bill Elliott is the bandit who poses as a gambler and tries to reform after meeting the beautiful showboat singer Belle (Constance Moore). Opposition from Hank Daniels as goldminer Sam Chase and an urge to have a final fling as a bandit lead to the inevitable end, with Elliott sacrificing his life for the singer and the mine.

You've seen it all before, but it's fair enough for Western fans. There are some grand old nostalgic songs brought out again—Capitol; showing.

★ HOME SWEET HOMICIDE

DON'T expect to be worked into a high pitch of excitement over this thriller from Fox. Three kids, Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell, and Connie Marshall, try their hands at solving a murder, and the result is only patchy entertainment. Young Miss Garner has had far better film roles, and so have the other two.

Adults are competent. Lynn Bari (making a welcome return to the screen) as the mystery novel writer and mother of the kids, and Ran-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

dolph Scott and James Gleason as detectives.

Most of the old tricks of murder films have been resurrected, but the keenness of the youngsters saves the production from being too naive.—Empire; showing.

A FLEDGLING playwright is Jane Wyatt, whose ambitious musical, titled "Allicia My Darling," is slated for Broadway, with Mary Martin in the leading role.

Jane's many years of stage acting admirably equipped her with knowledge of playwrighting problems.

London children preview Australian film

At a "sneak" preview at a theatre in Edgware Road, London, some hundreds of children will see the first screening of Australian film "Bush Christmas."

THE film will arrive in Australia in about a month and will be given general exhibition.

English producer-director Ralph Smart made the picture last year as part of British Gaumont Instructional Films programme for the Children's Cinema Clubs.

Mr. Smart took the film to be completed in England, and has just returned to Australia with a contract

for several other productions, including one of the only two full-length feature films for children listed for 1947 by BGI.

A very favorable report on "Bush Christmas" was made by Miss Mary Field, head of the BGI film section, and also by other executives who saw it while it was being edited.

Special praise was given to seven-year-old Nicky Yardley and thirteen-year-old aboriginal Ebenezer Saunders, two of the five children in "Bush Christmas."

Mr. Smart expects to have both children in his next feature production, which will be shot on location in the Northern Territory, which he will visit soon for material for the script.

"English film studios are working at high pressure in spite of the lack of equipment, which is still alarming," said Mr. Smart.

"I was surprised and angry to find that some English producers have the idea that film production in Australia should cease."

"They gave as their argument that the outdoor shots of 'The Overlanders' were all that was needed to show Australian scenery to the world."

"I know that their ideas have been gained from the fact that in England weather conditions so often drive productions indoors that they have become too indoor-conscious, and think that Australia has not enough equipment here for indoor films."

"I am determined to show them that the outdoor scenery of Australia has limitless possibilities for films."

INGRID BERGMAN admires have a chance to hear her sing before the release of her current film, "Arch of Triumph."

A record album is coming out in the next few weeks, featuring Ingrid singing two torch numbers in her warm contralto, and also the musical score from the picture, by Louis Grunberg, who won fame with his operetta, "Emperor Jones."

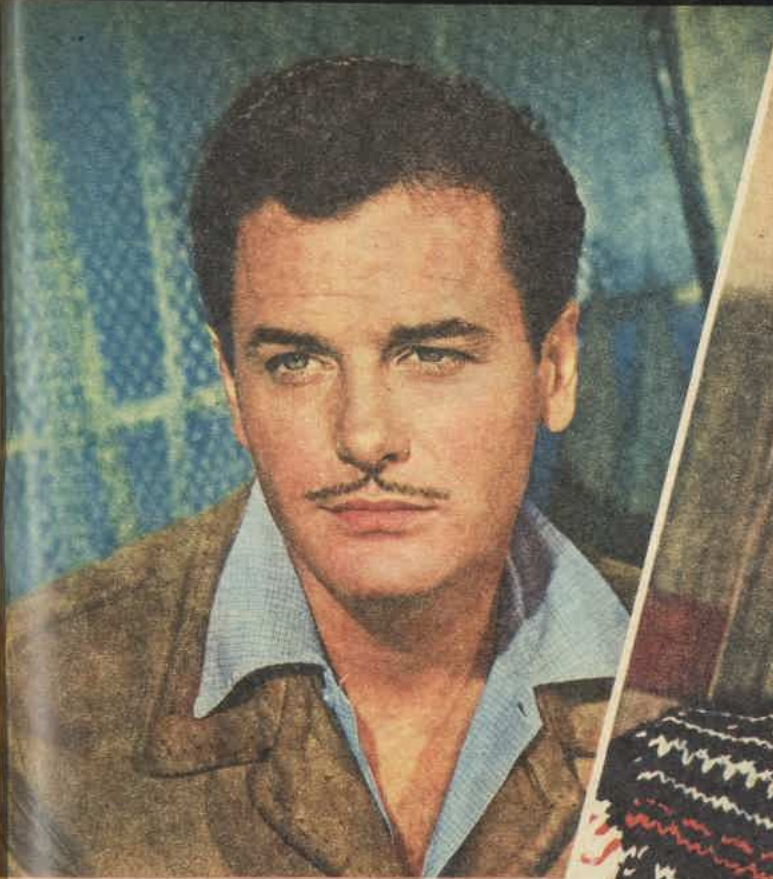


OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, star of Universal International's psychological thriller, "The Dark Mirror," discusses with designer Irene Sharaff the wardrobe which she wears in the dual role of twins, one of whom is a murderess. The twins wear similar clothes throughout the film.



TWO FAMOUS AUSTRALIANS provide an original scene. Behind the 1860 beard and cravat is Chips Rafferty in a 1946 suit. The plump, costumed lady brandishing a sword is comedienne Vera Pearce, dressed for her role in the British film "Nicholas Nickleby." Both were born in Broken Hill, N.S.W., and they met recently when Chips was being tested at Ealing Studios in England for the starring role of Peter Lator in "The Eureka Stockade," which will soon be filmed in Australia and directed by Harry Watt.

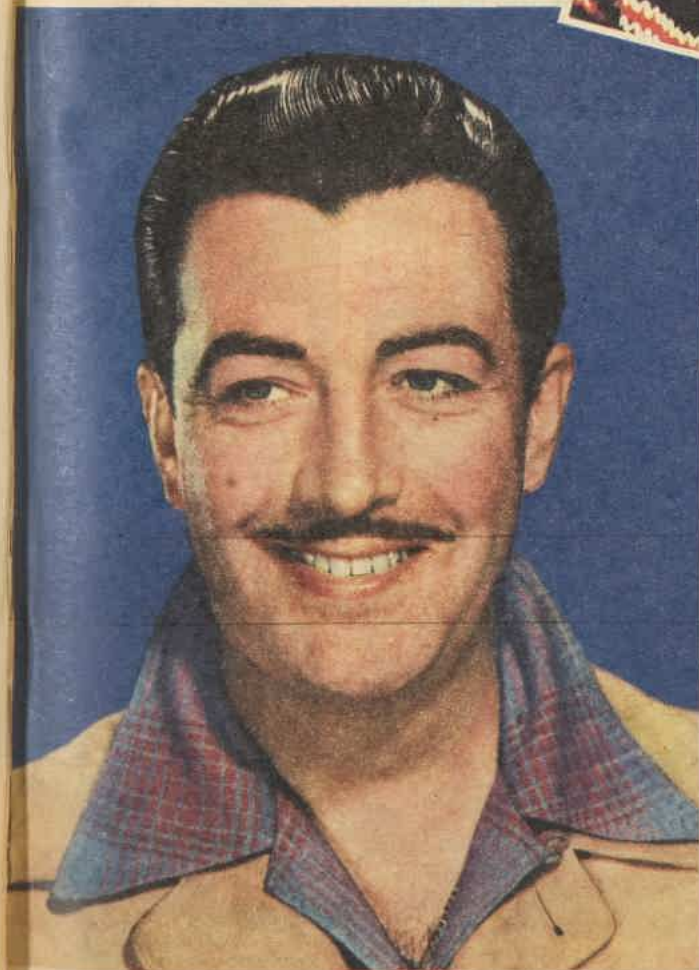
Dark and handsome



• **GIG YOUNG.** Tall, grey-eyed, and reserved, Warners' star resumed work after service in the Navy. His film name was adopted after he had played the role of Gig Young in the film "The Guy Sisters." His first postwar film is "Escape Me Never."



• **PETER LAW-FORD,** son of Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, with whom he lives in Hollywood, has made many films for MGM, and is especially popular with teen-age fans. His newest role is in "My Brother Talks to Horses."



• **ROBERT TAYLOR,** one of Hollywood's most handsome stars, and husband of Barbara Stanwyck, will make his first film appearance for nearly four years as co-star with Katharine Hepburn in MGM's unusual romantic drama, "Undercurrent." He recently signed a fifteen-year contract to act or direct.

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 1, 1947



• **ERROL FLYNN,** who never stays out of the news for very long, has returned to work after a holiday in his yacht Zaca. He wrote a book in 1946, and is starring for Warners in "Cry Wolf." He and his wife Nora were recently joined in Hollywood by his parents, who spent the war years in Ireland. His father is a well-known expert on marine biology.



Breathless Charm

Your skin . . . hair . . . clothes may all reflect your care, but unless your breath also is above reproach your charm is spoiled. Don't gamble, make sure that your breath is pure and fragrant by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before meeting others. Listerine makes your breath sweet and **KEEPS** it sweet.

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Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles.

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For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

Crystal
SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

"MARGIE" IS A GAY COMEDY



1 IN ATTIC BOXES Margie (Jeanne Crain) and her daughter Joyce (Ann Todd) find clothes and pictures which belonged to Margie when she was a high school girl in 1928. Her mother tells Joyce why she kept them.



2 AT HIGH SCHOOL plain but romantic Margie gazes wide-eyed at handsome new French teacher, Mr. Fontayne (Glenn Langan). He is idol of all the teen-age girls, especially Margie, who is shy and awkward.



3 LIBRARIAN Miss Palmer (Lynn Bari) is also interested in Mr. Fontayne, and Margie soon finds she has a keen rival in her attempts to win romantic interest of her hero, who still does not seem to notice her.



4 FAITHFUL FOLLOWER Roy Hornsdale (Alan Young) hopes that Margie's affection for the teacher will soon fade, and he takes her to ice-skating party where Mr. Fontayne rescues her from embarrassing predicament.

FILM FEATURES TEEN-AGE HEROINE

TO most adults, memories of school days are the gayest and most nostalgic. Twentieth Century-Fox filmed in technicolor "Margie," a story of life in an average high school in the middle 'twenties.

Jeanne Crain, Alan Young, Barbara Lawrence, Conrad Janis, Ann Todd, and Vanessa Brown head the youthful contingent of the cast, while the adults are played by Glenn Langan, Lynn Bari, Hattie McDaniels, and Hobart Cavanaugh.

Scenes were taken at the University of Nevada. The script was made from the famous "Margie" stories written by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransden. Songs of the period were included, such as "Margie," "Avalon," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," and "April Showers."



5 FIRST BIG DANCE for Margie brings broken heart when her escort fails to arrive and Mr. Fontayne calls at house. Margie thinks he has come to take her, but he has invited Miss Palmer. Margie then goes to dance with her father.



6 COMEDY-DRAMA at dance occurs when, in centre of ballroom, Margie finds an undergarment is about to fall as it did at ice-skating party. She pretends to faint and Mr. Fontayne is first to the rescue. Eighteen years later, Margie recounts story to her daughter. They listen together to old gramophone record as Margie's husband joins them in the attic.



Sun-TAN..but not Sun BURN

Here is a cream which DOES PREVENT sun and wind burn. It's a definite protection! The fairest skin, which once burnt red and peeled, are now safe. Non-greasy, invisible. One application protects you for a whole morning in the hottest sun.

Hamilton's
SUNBURN CREAM

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

You'll look Radiant in Rayon by WEMCO

WEMCO
BRITISH FABRICS

PRICED FOR EVERY PURSE

THANK YOU DOCTOR

I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit.

2/6 Everywhere
in unbreakable plastic tubes. F.14

FORD PILLS

THE SPOTLIGHTS ON WHITE!

Shu-Milk
THE PERFECT WHITE SHOE CLEANER

WONT RUB OFF
SOLD AT ALL STORES

Hats I like for autumn

By MARY HORDERN

● MAUD ET NANO designs this pleated beret (below) in black velour felt with a huge tuft of soft smoky-grey feathers. The whole swept up with a wisp of cloudy veiling.

● SOPHIE designs cap in red stockingette, with well padded rolls. The tassel, which dangles in a becoming fashion on the shoulder of your sporty costume, gives the finishing touch.

● MAUD ET NANO designs THE HAT of the season in Paris and London. Like a sawn-off upside-down flowerpot with smaller crown inside it, it has innumerable variations to suit every type of face.

● SOPHIE, recognising the allure of the well-proportioned hat, designs this becoming shape in the form of a double beret in gold felt with large black tassel.

● LEGROUX trims her egg-shaped lime-green felt with felt flowers incorporating greens of every shade from sharpest lime to dull olive.

● GABRIELLE covers her felt toque with mesh of black knotted cord. Scarlet feathers soar upward, attached to the hat with white rose and neat black bow.



For Endearingly Soft Hands

One of your most precious charms . . . your endearingly soft hands! It's so quick and easy to keep your hands at their loveliest, no matter how busy they may be, when you use Pond's Hand Lotion regularly. Just sprinkle on a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion every night at bedtime—and every time you've had your hands in water.

Rich, concentrated Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener. So get a bottle to-day—at all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION

P.S.—Washing up or washing to do? Give your hands extra care, by massaging before and after with Pond's Hand Lotion.



Take **LARYNOIDS** for INSTANT RELIEF

from SORE THROATS, COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, NIGHT COUGH, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, SMOKER'S THROAT

The secret of Larynoids' amazing efficacy is INSTANT-ACTING ANESTHESIN—one of the fourteen different, powerful and soothing expectorants and antiseptics which combine in Larynoids to give instant relief and to prevent a chill or cold "taking hold."

DOCTORS ADVISE LARYNOIDS

Larynoids are ideal for young or old and perfectly suitable for children. Doctors frequently recommend Larynoids, which are made strictly to the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia Codex. Keep a packet of Larynoids always at hand—in the home and at work.

A FAMOUS FORMULA

Look for the famous Larynoids Formula. It's printed on the packet. Among other curative specifics, Larynoids contain Anesthetin, Balsam, Ipecac, Menthol, Peppermint, Pine Oil, Oil of Aniseed, Honey, Cinnamon and Iodine.

BEWARE SUMMER CHILLS!

Hot weather helps spread infection! Taken at first sign of sore throat or chill, Larynoids will stop it. Take a Larynoid now and then when in a crowded place, to protect yourself against the germ-infested air.



ASK AT
YOUR CHEMIST'S
FOR **Larynoids** FOR
INSTANT RELIEF

CHEST AND THROAT PASTILLES

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o'-sorts, have Sleepless Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of doctors' records prove this.

No Benefit—No Pay

The very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping your kidneys remove excess acids. Quickly, this makes you feel like new again. And so certain are the makers that Cystex will satisfy you completely they ask you to try it under a money back guarantee. You be the judge. If not entirely satisfied just return the empty package and get your money back.

Cystex costs little at chemists and stores and the money back guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-

Cystex for
KIDNEYS
BLADDER
RHEUMATISM
The Guaranteed Treatment



THE BEAUTY IN FOOD . . .

Just for a change I am going to talk about food in its relation to beauty. Once you begin to think about it, it is startling to discover how many of our most generally used cosmetics, like face-creams, lipstick, lotions, are actually compounded of edible stuff.

HERE may be cream in your lipstick. Your favorite skin cream is quite possibly a basket of strawberries incognito, or honey from the comb. That excellent shampoo the by-product of an egg.

Honey masquerades, too, in hand lotion. So do olive oil and cocoa butter. Your soap may owe its blandness to one of several oils—almond, peanut, or coconut—or a fluffy cleansing cream its pleasantness to the cool green oil of the cucumber, or to lemon juice.

Though to-day's pretty girl is seldom given to whipping up her beauty items at the kitchen table or family hearth, as did the glamor girl of bygone ages, her cosmetic line-up is, as then, laden with natural food extracts, and she is quite possibly using, in one form or another, many identical ingredients. Food really comes traditionally to beauty manoeuvres. It has been so since primeval woman first washed her face in a nearby brook and felt dissatisfied with the result. So she rubbed her lips with the juice of wild plants—and felt much better for the added color.

Later the Egyptian beauties took seriously to cultivating pulchritude with milk baths to soften and polish the skin and body oil made of pounded olives.

The celebrated Batikha, the powder used in Egyptian harems, was made by crushing cowrie shells in a mortar with borax, rice, white marble, crystal, tomato, lemons, eggs, and a bitter Egyptian seed called helbas to which was added the flour of beans, peas, and lentils.

In the Middle Ages the brunette lovelies of Spain squeezed orange juice in their eyes to brighten the glance, and the Victorians, though tagged as excessively prim and proper, liked to cook up their own special lemon and lavender and herbal "aids to beauty" on the family table, from heirloom recipes.

In Queen Elizabeth's day the favorite face-cream was prepared from the pulp of apples mixed with rose water and hog's grease. It was praised for its whitening and softening properties.

The pulp of apples mixed with almonds was often made into a paste for the complexion with bread-crumbs, equal quantities of rose water and white wine, and the addition of a little soap. The mixture was cooked until it formed a smooth paste.

Chinese women, even to-day, use eggs of pheasants to give lustre to their hair, and Arabs prepare an essence from dried green oranges, steeped in oil for several weeks, which they apply to their heads to restore color to grey hair.

Hair dyes originated in the East, but were used there more to darken hair than entirely change its color. Venice set the fashion for the golden hair associated with the glorious Venetian women who've been immortalised by Titian, and the color became so fashionable that early Venetian

books devote considerable space to directions for preparing "waters to make the hair yellow" or "to make the hair red."

A recipe for gilding the hair says . . . "Take of the best honey 2 pints, gum arabic 2 ounces. Distil them with a gentle fire. The water which comes forth first doth whiten the face, the second and third makes the hair yellow." And to make the hair red . . . "Take of the water of radish and of privet as much as is sufficient. Mix them and wash the hair."

So seriously did the fashionable ladies of the day take to their artistry that a special crownless hat was invented called a solana; the enormous brim was used to spread the hair on and to protect the complexions of the Venetian women, who sat out in the sun on the roofs of their palaces to dry their hair after it had been dipped in one of these liquid dyes.

And so it has been through the ages to to-day—natural foods have been used to beautify the human body, because nothing has so far been found to substitute for the purity of nature's products.

By CAROLYN EARLE

Our Beauty Expert

Only the foolish risk sunburn

I RAN into my old friend Della Westcote this morning. "How are you?" I queried.

"The whole family is off to the seaside to-morrow," was her reply. "What's a good cure for sunburn, Doctor?"

"You are expecting trouble, Della. But first of all let me say that being burnt by the sun is every bit as serious as being burnt by fire or strong acid. The living tissue is destroyed, nerve-endings are exposed, and new tissue has to form."

"Why is a burn so painful?" she asked, settling down seemingly for a long talk.

"Our skin is richly supplied with nerves which tell us of heat and cold," I said. "This is to prevent us from being burnt without knowing it. The price we pay for this protection is pain when we neglect the slight warnings of sunburn."

"Why don't the naked native races get sunburnt?" "Because the brown or black pigment in their skin absorbs the ultra-violet rays which do the damage."

"I was sunburnt last summer on a cool, cloudy day. How do you account for that?"

"Sunburn is not caused by heat, but by invisible rays," I told her. "These are the ultra-violet rays which can come through cloud, but not through the atmo-

By MEDICO

sphere of the earth when the sun is near the horizon."

"You mean that sunburn is less likely in the early morning and late

afternoon?"

"Bathing or surfing before 8 a.m. and after 4 p.m. is a good rule in the middle of summer for blondes and redheads."

"You have not told me the cure for sunburn."

"The only real cure for sunburn is the growth of new skin to replace that which was destroyed by the ultra-violet rays."

"Is there something which will soothe the pain?"

"There are many treatments for sunburn. The fact that there are so many is a sure sign that not one of them is very effective. My favorite is soothing saline. This is made by boiling a teaspoonful of common salt in a pint of water and leaving it to cool. Apply to the burnt area as a wet dressing on soft cloth (which has been baked in a slow oven for two hours), cover with a sheet of waxed paper, then cotton-wool, and bandage firmly."

Treatment of burns, however, is so slow and tedious that prevention is the line to follow. Shady hats, loose, long clothes, and beach umbrellas are the essential items. White-skinned people are not equipped to cope with large doses of eight-to-four sunshine without paying the heavy price of pain or discomfort.



HOW CHARMING these mats look on a polished table! You can make them of cretonne, chintz, gingham. Another economical fabric would be plastic; most effective, too, for you can buy it in lovely colors. Labor-saving, also, in that plastic fabric needs only a sponge over to keep clean and fresh-looking. And it wears well.

Easily made ... PLACE MATS

YOU can make these distinctive place mats from strips of material Chintz, cotton, gingham—either checked or flowered—are all very effective.

One and a half yards of 9in. and 1yd. of 6in. material is needed to make a set of half-a-dozen mats for large plates and half-a-dozen for small plates.

As the mats are padded they need a lining, and a different material can be chosen for it, so that both sides can be used.

You will also need 1yd. of wadding, a ball of crochet silk to tone or contrast, and No. 15 Strathmore crochet hook.

In lining, wadding (one thickness only for each), and material cut six circles 9in. diameter and six circles 6in. diameter.

Across the material circles draw pencilled lines 1in. apart till all the circles are covered with diagonal lines. Then draw lines across these, forming diamond shapes.

Place the wadding beneath each, then the lining, and tack into position. Stitch by machine (or neat back stitching) along all the pencilled lines.

Bind each circle with bias binding and finish as follows:

Work a row of buttonhole stitching round each circle, and then crochet as follows: Work 1 d.c. into first buttonhole st., * miss 1 buttonhole st., and work 2 tr., 1 ch., 2 tr. into next. Miss 1 buttonhole st., work 1 d.c. into next, * repeat from * to * all round, finishing with a slip-st., and darn in end.

White wings above the cabbage patch ...

● Introduced by accident into Victoria about nine years ago, the white cabbage butterfly is now regarded as Public Enemy Number One by the gardener and commercial grower. ... Says **OUR HOME GARDENER.**

CABBAGES from New Zealand, where this pest is well established, were thrown on to a waterside dump by a careless steward from a ship near Melbourne.

From the infested leaves this serious pest of the cabbage bred up rapidly and in less than five years spread rapidly throughout N.S.W. and well into Queensland, as well as going west to South Australia.

The caterpillars or larvae of this butterfly hatch out from eggs laid by the females on any member of the brassica family such as cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, kale, broccoli, kohi-rabi, collards, ornamental kale, stocks, and nasturtiums.

Many folk imagine that the butterflies themselves cause damage but this, of course, is nonsense. The female lays the eggs and the male does nothing but perpetuate his species and gather nectar all day from flowers of almost any kind.

Observation will show that when a female, which has two black spots on her wings as against one

carried by the male, alights on a leaf, it invariably bends down the body and lightly touches the leaf surface with the tip of the abdomen. This is the process of egg-laying, and examination will show the eggs, pale yellow in color, scattered here and there.

These hatch out in a few days and then the little grubs hasten to burrow into the tissue and thus out of sight of their natural enemies.

The gardener must dust the plants as soon as early damage (small holes eaten into the foliage) is noticed, or the grubs will make deep holes into the hearts of cabbages and thus be safe from dusting or spraying. Lead arsenate dust is recommended as the best stomach poison for this grub, and also the smaller grub of the buff cabbage moth, which also causes endless trouble to cabbage growers the year round.

When the hearts or curds start to swell, lead arsenate, which is poisonous to humans, should be changed over to derris root powder, which is non-poisonous to us but deadly to most leaf-eaters. In the past 12 months DDT dust and liquid sprays have also been found most effective as grub killers.

COLD SPONGE IMPORTANT FOR BABY

By **SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse**

I FIND that many mothers do not gradually reduce the temperature of their babies' baths from warm to just tepid water at six months.

Even when the toddling stage is reached, they still use comfortably warm water for the bath and never get young children accustomed to cold water or train them to enjoy the daily cold sponge, or shower followed by a brisk massage, which is the best tonic the skin can have.

Cold sponging, in addition to proper adjustments of clothing for the changeable weather during the summer months, and a suitable well-balanced diet with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, is the best prevention for your children against the common cold.

A leaflet giving suggestions for prevention and treatment of this troublesome complaint can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.: The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open on the 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, for individual interviews and demonstrations every day, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

SHE SAID "I'd love you as a bridesmaid Peg darling, but I just had to ask Bill's sister."

BUT SHE MEANT "Gosh, she's definitely out-there Blotchy Skin would spoil the whole picture."

Then Peg found out how to end those skin faults by using **REXONA MEDICATED SOAP**

AND THIS HAPPENED

"I'll always send you gardenias, honey—they match that lovely skin of yours"

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IT'S REALLY a simple dinner, Miss Teen-ager... you can prepare it alone if you follow the detailed instructions on this page... See menu 2—grilled chops and pineapple slices, tomatoes, Saratoga chips, beans, jellied cherries set in rockmelon.

For Mother's day out

THE menus given here are well within the scope of the daughter of the family.

Simple as they may be, any one of them will satisfy hungry home-comers... Choose any one of them, and be sure of turning on a wholesome, appetizing meal.

Details of preparation and plan of work are given for each menu, so Miss Teen-ager should be able to produce the family dinner without reducing the kitchen to chaos or herself to tears!

MENU 1:

Creamed corned lamb and celery.
Mashed potatoes, carrot rings, green peas.

Apple and rhubarb sponge,
creamy custard.

1.—Prepare and cook apple and rhubarb sponge. Make custard. Set both aside to become cold.

2.—Peel potatoes; scrape carrots and cut into rings; shell peas.

3.—Wash celery, cut into 1½ in. lengths, drop into boiling water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water), simmer 20 minutes. Drain.

4.—Cut cold corned lamb (or corned beef) into slices ½ in. thick, then into 1 in. squares.

5.—Cover carrots with boiling water, add salt (1 teaspoon salt for each pint of water), put lid on, cook gently 20 to 35 minutes. When they have been simmering 10 minutes put potatoes on.

6.—Cover potatoes with cold water,

● Here is a page planned specially for the enthusiastic teen-age girl who takes over the reins from mother now and again.

By The Australian Women's Weekly
Food and Cookery Experts

add salt (same amount as for carrots), put lid on, bring slowly to the boil, simmer gently 20 minutes.

7.—Cover peas with warm water, add salt as for other vegetables, a sprig of mint, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Put lid on, simmer gently 20 minutes (same time as potatoes).

8.—While carrots, potatoes, and peas are cooking, prepare the creamed corned lamb and celery; set the table; put serving plates to warm; serve the sweet ready to take to table.

APPLE AND RHUBARB SPONGE

Three cooking apples, 1 bunch rhubarb, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, small piece thin lemon rind, pinch cinnamon, 2 level tablespoons margarine, 4 level tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 breakfast cup self-raising flour.

Peel apples thinly, cut into quarters, remove core and slice each quarter again, making eighths. Place in saucepan with sugar, water, lemon rind. Simmer 15 minutes. Meanwhile wash rhubarb well, cut into 1½ in. lengths. Add to apples, simmer further 15 minutes. Drain syrup off (saving it for drinks or

sauces), turn fruit into greased pie-dish, sprinkle with cinnamon. Cream margarine and sugar thoroughly, add lemon rind and beaten egg. Mix well. Fold in milk alternately with the flour. Pour mixture over the fruit in dish, place just above the centre in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.), and bake 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to become cold. For four.

CREAMY CUSTARD

One and a half cups milk, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 egg, vanilla.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, stir in beaten egg; stir over low heat 2 or 3 minutes but do not allow to boil again. Add vanilla, set aside to cool.

CREAMED CORNED LAMB AND CELERY

Two cups cold corned lamb (or beef) cut into ½ in. cubes, 3 sticks celery, 1 teaspoon very finely minced onion, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Melt margarine or butter, add

flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in milk, continue stirring until it boils and thickens. Add salt, pepper, onion, prepared meat, and celery. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes to thoroughly heat meat and celery. Serve hot on heated plates. For four.

MENU 2:

(Illustrated above)

Grilled chops and pineapple slices.
Grilled tomato halves, Saratoga chips,
French beans.

Jellied cherries in rockmelon.

1.—Prepare jellied rockmelon, place in refrigerator or ice-chest to set.

2.—Remove strings from beans, cut into 1½ in. lengths.

3.—Scrub and peel potatoes, cut into thin slices.

4.—Wash and dry tomatoes, cut in halves roundways, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and grated cheese.

5.—Cut 4 slices pineapple 1½ in. thick, remove skin and core.

6.—Set table, put plates to heat.

7.—Place beans in saucepan, cover with boiling water, add salt (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water), and a good pinch of sugar. Place on to cook.

8.—Light grill, while it heats place chops, pineapple slices, and prepared tomato halves on to grilling-pan, brushing pineapple with a little melted butter.

9.—Melt a large quantity of fat in a deep pan and heat until it stops bubbling and gives off a light bluish fume.

10.—Drop chips into fat and cook steadily until golden brown, meanwhile turning chops and pineapple slices, brushing second side of pineapple slices with melted butter.

11.—By the time grill is cooked beans and chips should be done. Serve on heated plates.

12.—Cut rock melon in thick slices and serve icy cold.

JELLIED CHERRIES IN ROCK-MELON

One and a half cups drained stewed cherries, 1 packet green jelly, 1½ cups hot water, 1 rockmelon.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, allow to cool. Cut rockmelon in two round the centre. Straighten the ends so that each half will stand upright. Remove seeds. When jelly is cool pour a 1½ in. layer into each half of rockmelon; when set add a layer of cherries and more jelly. Allow to set. Continue until each half is filled. Chill until quite firm. Cut in slices for serving. For four.

MENU 3:

Cheesed veal cutlets.

Minted new potatoes, creamed celery,
carrot straws.

Fluffy lemon pudding.

1.—Prepare lemon pudding, set aside to become quite cold.

2.—Wash and scrape potatoes.

3.—Wash celery, cut into 1½ in. lengths.

4.—Scrape carrots, cut into thin match-like strips.

5.—Prepare cheesed veal cutlets as directed in recipe.

6.—Chop 2 level tablespoons mint very finely.

7.—Set table, put serving plates to heat.

Continued on page 39

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GRILLED ORANGE SLICES are an ideal base for these meat patties—a delicious combination of veal and bacon well seasoned with herbs and parsley. This recipe wins the main cash prize this week.

HOME-TESTED RECIPES

TWO delicious sweets and a savory dish to add to your files make up the prize-winning recipes in this week's recipe contest.

VEAL PATTIES WITH ORANGE SLICES

One pound veal steak, 4oz. bacon rashers, 1 dessertspoon flour, pepper and salt, good pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk, 3 large navel oranges, melted butter.

Mince veal and bacon finely, add flour, pepper and salt, herbs and parsley. Bind together with beaten egg-yolk. Shape into thin, flat cakes using a little flour. Place on greased tray and grill quickly for 2 minutes on each side. Reduce heat and continue cooking for another 10 minutes, turning frequently. Cut oranges into slices 1/4 in. thick, brush with melted butter and grill lightly. Serve patties on orange slices. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Beth Haywood, 4 Alexander St., Paddington, N.S.W.

LEMON CRUMB PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 lemons, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Grate rind of lemons into 1 cup of boiling water. Add shortening, lemon juice, and sugar. Stir well, then add beaten egg-yolks and breadcrumbs. Allow to stand for a few minutes. Line pie-plate with pastry, glaze with white of egg. Pour lemon mixture in. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for first 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (375deg. F.) and continue cooking for 20 minutes. Beat egg-whites and sugar till thick. Place meringue in rough heaps on pie and return to



LEMON CRUMB PIE topped with snowy meringue, served icy cold—ideal sweet for hot summer days.

oven for few minutes to brown slightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. G. Banks, 1207 Mair St., Ballarat, Vic.

FROZEN CUSTARD DESSERT

One pint milk, 4 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 1/2 dessertspoons gelatine soaked in a tablespoon hot water, stoned stewed cherries, 2 cups stale cake crumbs, 2 tablespoons raspberry or plum jam, 4 egg-whites.

Heat milk. Pour on to egg-yolks beaten with sugar. Cook gently over very low heat till custard thickens. Do not allow to boil. Add soaked gelatine. Allow to cool. Rinse mould in cold water. Arrange a pattern of cold stewed cherries in bottom. Cover with thin layer of cold custard. Allow to set.

Mix cake crumbs and jam with remaining custard, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into mould and put aside to set. Turn out and decorate with cherries and whipped or mock cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

For Mother's day out . . .

Continued from page 38

8.—Cover potatoes with boiling water, add salt (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water) and a sprig of mint. Cover and cook gently 20 minutes.

9.—Cover carrot strips with boiling water, add salt, simmer 20 minutes.

10.—Add boiling water and salt to prepared celery, cook 20 minutes.

11.—Make sauce for celery.

12.—Cook cutlets.

13.—While cutlets are cooking combine drained cooked celery and sauce, add onion as directed in recipe and reheat.

14.—Drain potatoes, place back in saucepan with 1 teaspoon butter and chopped mint. Shake gently over low heat until potatoes are well coated with butter and mint.

15.—Drain carrots.

16.—Serve meat and vegetables on heated plates—all dishes should be ready at same time.

TANGY LEMON PUDDING

Three cups water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 and juice of 2 lemons, 3 eggs, 2 large tablespoons cornflour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 extra tablespoons sugar.

Place water, sugar, lemon rind and juice into a saucepan. When hot stir in cornflour blended smoothly with a little extra water and egg yolks. Add butter, simmer 2 or 3 minutes, stirring all the time. Turn into a greased ovenware dish. Beat egg-whites very stiffly, add the extra 2 tablespoons sugar, beat until sugar

is dissolved. Pile roughly on to pudding, bake in a very slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Allow to become quite cold before serving. For four.

CREAMED CELERY

One heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups sliced cooked celery, 1 teaspoon very finely minced onion.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour; cook 2 or 3 minutes, but do not allow to brown. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add salt, celery, minced onion. Reheat.

CHEESED VEAL CUTLETS

Four veal cutlets, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 3 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons finely grated dry cheese, fat for frying.

Trim cutlets neatly, coat with flour, pepper and salt. Beat egg well, mix with milk in a flat dish. Combine breadcrumbs and cheese on a large piece of clean white paper. Dip flour-coated cutlets into egg and milk, drain, toss in breadcrumb mixture, covering well. Press crumbs on firmly with a knife blade.

Melt fat in shallow pan, when very hot place cutlets in. Brown on one side, turn, brown on other side. Reduce heat slightly and cook steadily 15 to 20 minutes, turning 2 or 3 times. Lift carefully from pan, drain well on clean white paper. Serve very hot. For four.

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